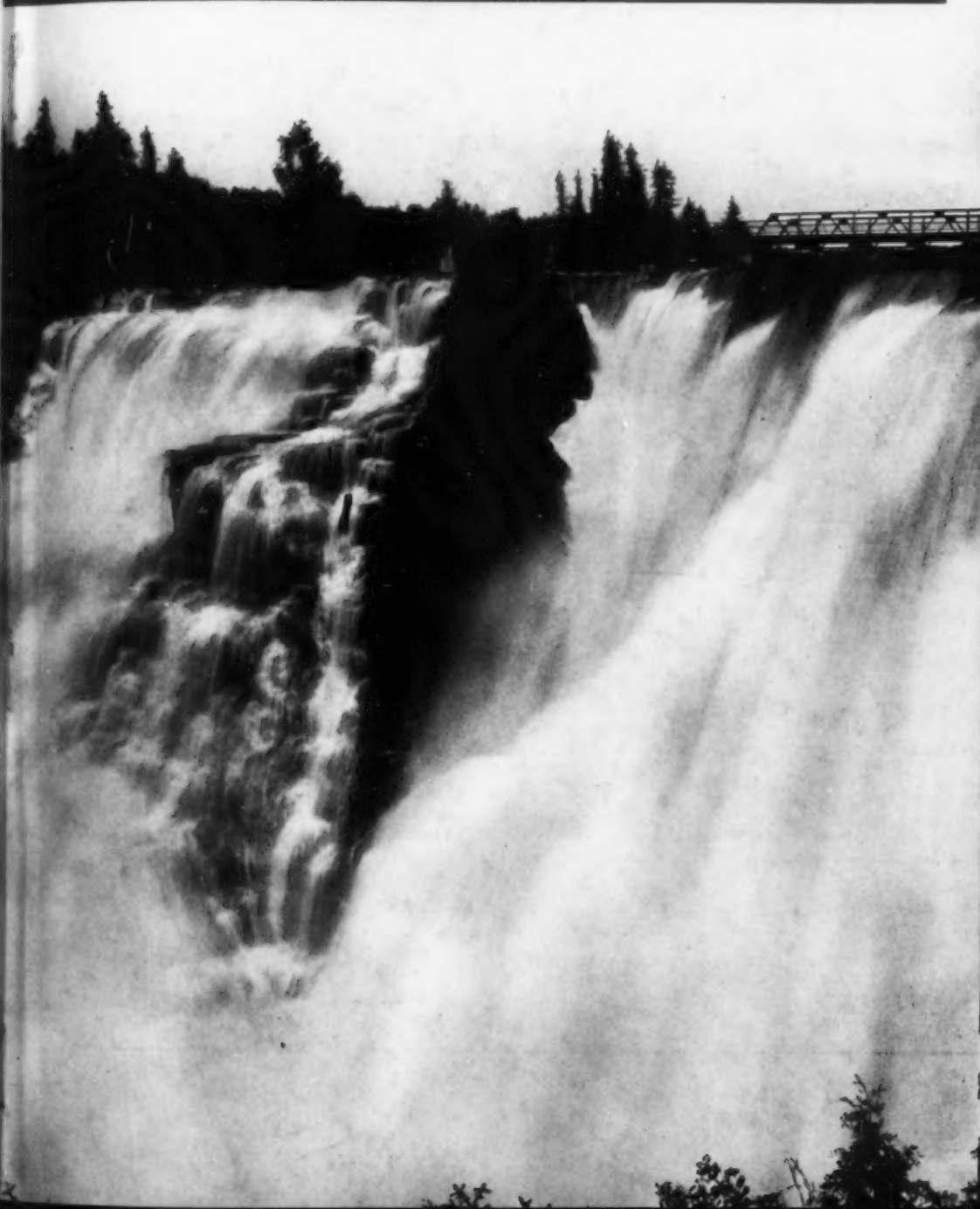


CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

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1939

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The Canadian Geographical Society

OTTAWA, CANADA

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As one of its major activities in carrying out its purpose, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, the Canadian Geographical Journal, which is devoted to every phase of geography—historical, physical and economic—first of Canada, then of the British Empire and of the other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest. It is the intention to publish articles in this magazine that will be popular in character, easily read, well illustrated and educational to the young, as well as informative to the adult.

The Canadian Geographical Journal will be sent to each member of the Society in good standing. Membership in the Society is open to any one interested in geographical matters. The annual fee for membership is three dollars in Canada.

The Society has no political or other sectional associations, and is responsible only to its members. All money received is used in producing the Canadian Geographical Journal and in carrying on such other activities for the advancement of geographical knowledge as funds of the Society may permit.

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

Editor

Gordon M. Dallyn

172 WELLINGTON STREET, OTTAWA

This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustration, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

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The British standard of spelling is adopted substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited in 1936.

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Photo by A. MacLean

LAND OF ROMANCE

NORTHERN AND NORTH-WESTERN ONTARIO

by LLOYD ROBERTS

ALL roads lead to Romance. Throughout the United States and Canada they lead to the Romance of Northern and North-western Ontario — including 335,000 square miles north of the French and Mattawa rivers — a region which may readily be reached by rail, air, water or the dustless King's Highways. There are two main arteries of the King's Highways: No. 11 which runs north from Toronto to North Bay, Cobalt, Haileybury and through Cochrane and Hearst; and No. 17 running westerly from the Quebec border through Ottawa and entering Northern Ontario at Pembroke to reach north to the Agawa River. Westerly from Schreiber, No. 17 runs through Nipigon to the lake-head cities of Port Arthur and Fort William through to Kenora and the Manitoba

boundary. In addition, there is an endless ribbon of feeder roads striking in from all directions — roads being continually improved in honour of the increasing hordes of tourists who seek Romance.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

But suppose we join them. Suppose we strike north from Toronto in the general direction of North Bay, but taking ample time for wide detours and digressions in a laudable effort not to miss anything.

First let us proceed to Midland and pay tribute to the famous Martyrs' Shrine which is fast becoming Ontario's Ste. Anne de Beaupré. And while in Midland, why should we not take advantage of the enticing boat trip to Manitoulin (Home

Left:—A familiar sight on lonely lakes. Photo by H. Hoffmans



Courtesy Algoma Central Railway.

of the Great Spirit) Island and sample the pleasures of that largest freshwater island in the world which closes off the upper end of Georgian Bay. Like all this part of Canada it is rich in Indian legend and memories of La Salle, Champlain and other explorers and adventurers of New France and New England. They too must have wondered at an island large enough to have 100 lakes and goodly rivers broken by falls and rapids. Now there are the modern additions of motor roads, summer resorts and steamer service from Port McNicoll, Collingwood, Owen Sound and Parry Sound. And talking of Parry Sound one immediately finds himself in thought if not in body roaming all over that campers' paradise bordering Georgian Bay, between Lake Nipissing and Lake Simcoe, and embracing the popular Muskoka Lakes' region. (Yes, Callander, the home of Dr. Dafoe and the incomparable quintuplets, is on the eastern shore of Nipissing). Parry Sound and Muskoka are sort of rivals for popular favour, but I could never see an excuse for rivalry when both possess such a redundancy of attractions of the same type and calibre, including a fair division of the

30,000 islands beyond their coasts. Perhaps Parry Sound can boast a bit more loudly of its Ontario Forestry Branch and its forest protection facilities, and perhaps Muskoka can claim "bigger and better" tourist accommodation, but the visitor finds everywhere the same sylvan loveliness that keeps calling him back from the world's ends.

Just east of these districts is a wide extent of country set aside in perpetuity as a provincial park where, whatever the increase in population and popularity, there will always be unspoiled wilderness for those who hunger for it. Personally, I could forget my fine impartiality in orating on the virtues of Algonquin Park. Not only is it a convenient escape from Ottawa and Toronto and all the busy towns between, but it is saturated with piney odours, clean, sparkling air, the tinkle of moving streams and wind-brushed lakes, the cries of loons and even the weird baying of wolves as any area in more northern districts. The fact that it is protected from industrial exploitation, from game killers and fires, that its every trail and camp site has been mapped, that it has already been discovered by many others even in far-distant American cities, in no way detracts from its appeal to those who crave solitude and quiet canoe travel where there are no mosquitoes from mid-summer on, and every prospect pleases. And you do not have to strain your business-bent back in long portages to its doors. Two lines of the Canadian National Railways cut through its fringes to drop you off at Algonquin Park station and other points, and a motor road now runs in from Huntsville and Dwight, connecting up with the more easterly roads at Whitney, where you can park your car until you will need it again. I have written before in these pages of the spell of Algonquin: "Shake it off if you can. Turn back to your desk or your dish-mop, your seven trumps or your next-door neighbour; decide to put the gypsy out of your system and be a civilized human again, and yet you'll dream dreams and see visions in spite of yourself — of misted spruce-bristled islands, fire-blackened hill-sides, soaring

lightning-riven rampikes, cool-shadowed trails, moons that 'come up like a bubble out of the black fir trees', rainsmoke rising thin and blue above the yellow beach."

Striking south of the park you find yourself still in adventurous woods country whose inhabitants still consider themselves "northern". Haliburton, Hastings and adjoining counties advertise their fishing waters and hunting regions, their summer lodges and camps. The opening of the Peterborough highway in recent years, with broad off-shoots running north and south toward the Ottawa and Lake Ontario respectively, has given easy access to this long-neglected country, permitting city-

Fish stories in the making.

Courtesy C. N. R.



KING'S HIGHWAYS MAKE READILY

Thousands of miles of improved highways
such playgrounds as these. North



M. Hannah

Madawaska River, near
Griffith.

Butter-milk Falls.



A. W. Leman



Mazinaw Lake, near Bon
Echo.

A. W. Leman

AKE
ILY

ways
orth

ONTARIO'S HINTERLAND ACCESSIBLE

radiating from the main arteries through
of the Peterborough highway.

Madawaska pine region.



A. W. Leman



Boys' camp at Minden.

Courtesy C. N. R.



Section of highway.
Peterborough



dwelling Canadians and border Americans to spend their week-ends and holidays in higher altitudes and gypsy surroundings. And the benefits resulting from broad highways, telephones, radios, private and public advertising, have worked both ways — new pleasures and sports for visitors, social intercourse and prosperity for the natives. Indeed, to one who knows this back country as it both was and is, nothing short of a miracle has occurred. Where once a few scattered settlers and farmers had waged an unequal battle with poverty and loneliness and absence of local markets, there are now hungry strangers to be fed and housed and catered to. There are now movies and dances at the town halls, and there is now a general air of constructive well-being. The forestry service, with its look-outs and soaring planes, has brought home to them the value of forest protection; game wardens have shown them the advantage of game and fish laws and the restocking of waters, and the arrival of tourists has educated all folk to the importance of courtesy and every modern improvement.

Moving farther westward we pay a brief call on the prosperous city of Sault Ste. Marie on the St. Mary River connecting lakes Superior and Huron, then strike out into some of the most famous camping country in the Dominion, bearing such familiar and poetic names as Algoma, Mississagi, Thessalon, Agawa, Batchawana Bay and the Ranger Lake game preserve. The Mississagi Forest Reserve, drained by

the lovely river of the same name and covering 3,000 square miles of unspoiled camp-ground, is worthy of a whole summer outing to itself. But not far away calls the equally famous Timagami country, beloved by Indians and whites, with its network of canoe trails winding through Evelyn Lake into the Montreal River and down the Ottawa, or toward Lake Nipissing and French River, the fisherman's paradise, into Georgian Bay — a part of the old fur brigade route between Montreal and Fort William. The cold waters of the French River are literally teeming with gamey fish and there are eager guides ever-willing to take you to the choicest and apparently inexhaustible spots. Canoes and fully equipped out-board motors lure your own particular fancy. Incidentally, there is a community camp in the heart of this district supplied with every modern convenience. From Timagami the No. 11 highway and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railroad run northward through Cobalt with its rich silver mines and Haileybury on Lake Timiskaming, and



travelling by any conveyance you like you always find an endless panorama of emerald forest and turquoise water and pioneer settlements carved out of the wilderness. At New Liskeard on the north end of Lake Timiskaming the Lower Clay Belt begins and woods give way to fertile farm lands. Now you are back in mining country, the famous Kirkland Lake and Porcupine gold fields, and a little farther along the highway you are again in lake-lands, particularly Lake Kenogami and Lake Sasekinika, which are adjacent to the highway, and approaching the height of land and the Cochrane district.

The railways afford about the only land transportation in this upper country to Moosonee, famous duck shooting region, — so far indeed that much of it is beyond the Divide and many of its streams flow north into salt sea. But the far-scattered inhabitants are just as optimistic as those farther south. They look forward to the day when highway No. 11, commencing at Toronto, reaching up through North Bay to Cochrane but stopping at Hearst, will be



extended on toward Thunder Bay and swing south toward more civilized regions. In the meantime they are doing a thriving tourist trade—tourists who want exactly what is there in abundance, virgin wilderness, canoeing and fishing waters, moose; not to mention guides and outfitters at Kapuskasing, Hearst, Nakina and of course Cochrane itself. Hearst is conveniently tapped by the Algoma Central Railway, which runs south 300 miles to Sault Ste. Marie, passing through Oba and moose country popular with American big-game hunters. Hearst, well-known northern railway centre, expects a modest boom when the country west of it is opened up. Kapuskasing, long a centre of the pulp-wood industry, is already enjoying the added distinction emanating from being chosen a refuelling point by the Trans-Canada Air Lines and the sea-plane base and anchorage are located at Remi Lake.

This Cochrane district, opened up only 30 years ago, extending from the northern boundary of Timiskaming north to James Bay, west to Thunder Bay and east to the Quebec boundary, is rich in natural resources and contains some of the largest paper mills in the Dominion and some of the best mines in the world. Kirkland Lake, Timmins, Swastika, Iroquois Falls, Cochrane, Kapuskasing and Smooth Rock Falls are the leading business centres whose prosperity grows not only from catering to the insatiable needs of pioneers but also the pleasures of an increasing influx of tourists.





Timagami Lake — long famous as a holiday retreat.

Lake Timiskaming, near Haileybury.

Photos by A. MacLean



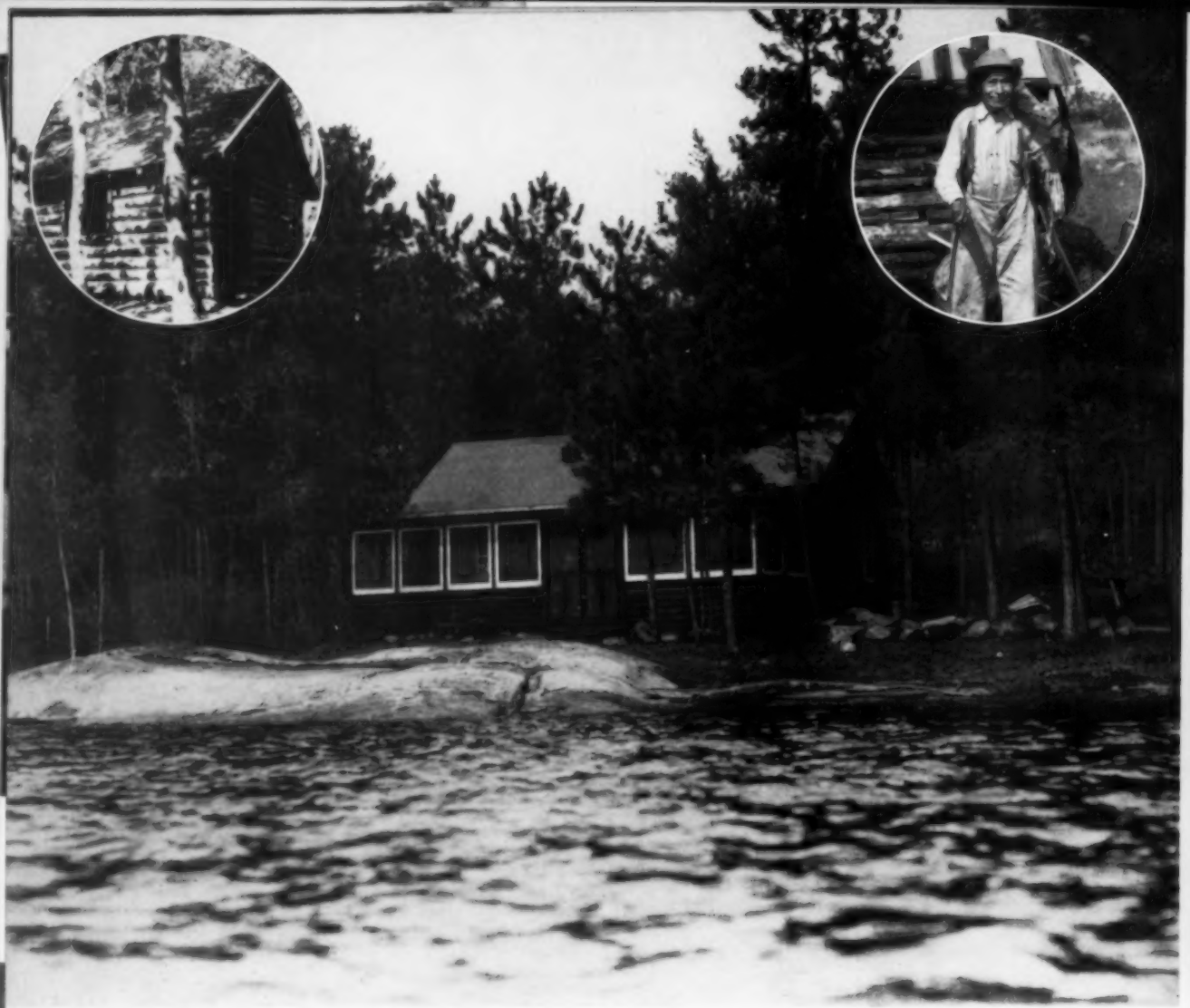


American boys under canvas at Keewaydin camp.

River drivers operating at Ragged Shutes, near Cobalt. Hydraulic plant — only one of its type on this continent — in background.

Photos by A. MacLean.





Old camps and new on the French River—where the fisherman follows in the steps of the fur trader.

Photos courtesy Sudbury Star. Left inset photo by P. McEwen

Northern birds poised for flight at Sudbury.





Algoma lakes tell their own story. Kabinakagami Lake.

Courtesy Algoma Central Railway.

Scenes at Chippewa River (inset left) and Sand River (inset right).

Insets courtesy Algoma Travel Bureau.

"Northern lights" at Kapuskasing's paper mill.

Photo by J. P. Dumoulin.





ALGONQUIN
An unspoiled wilderness where the





ONC UIN PARK
ess when the only motor car is the canoe.





Moosonee, where Ontario reaches the sea. R. C. M. P. head-quarters and Hudson Bay post at Moose Factory

Photo by A. McLean

Sault Ste. Marie — its homes, industries and locks, as they appear from a 2,000 foot level.

Courtesy R. C. A. F.





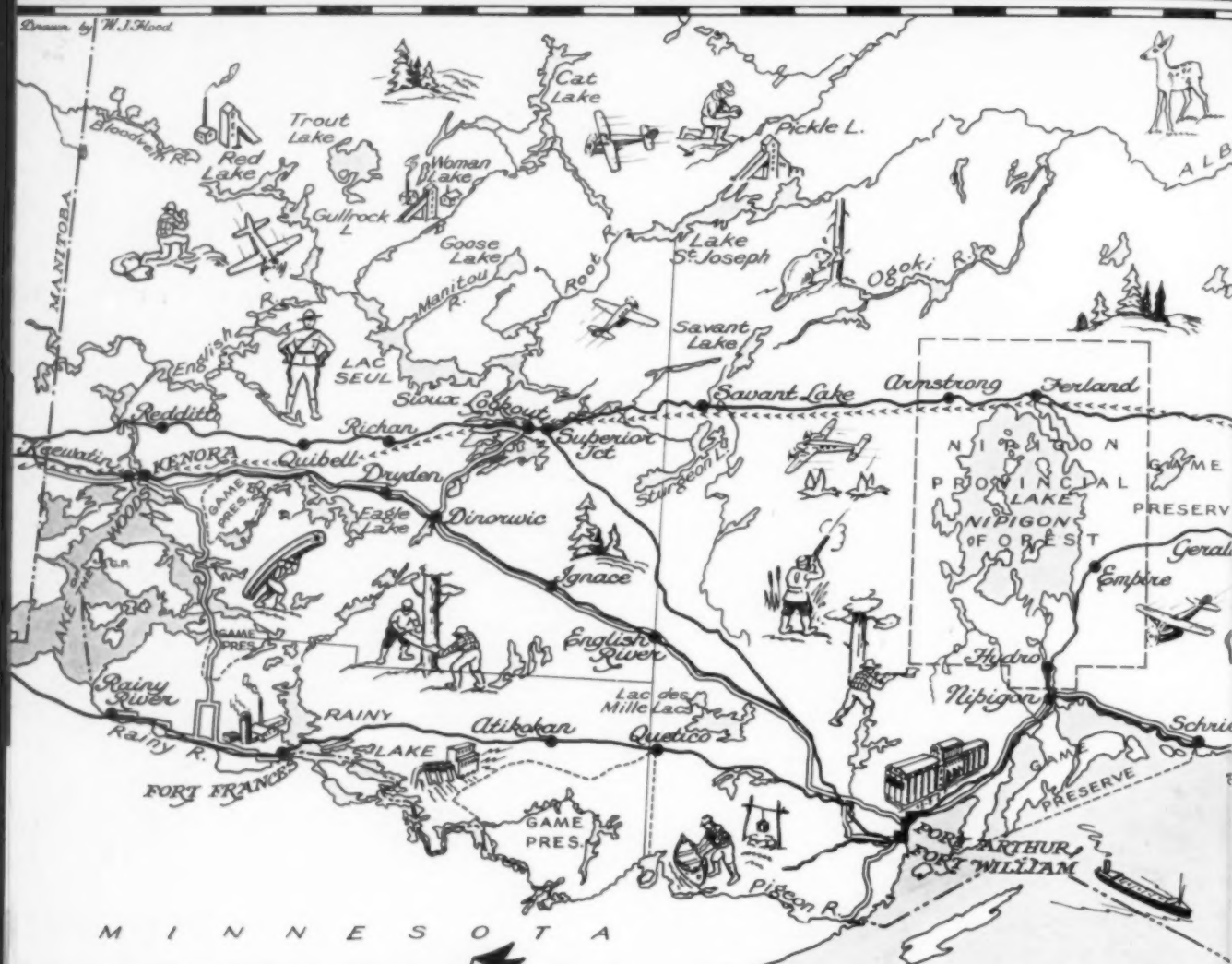
North Bay, from the air. Ferguson highway northward bound (centre background), with Trans-Canada highway to the right.

Photos Courtesy R.C.A.F.

Aerial view of Sudbury as it appears looking toward Lake Ramsay.



Drawn by W.J. Flood



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SCALE IN MILES
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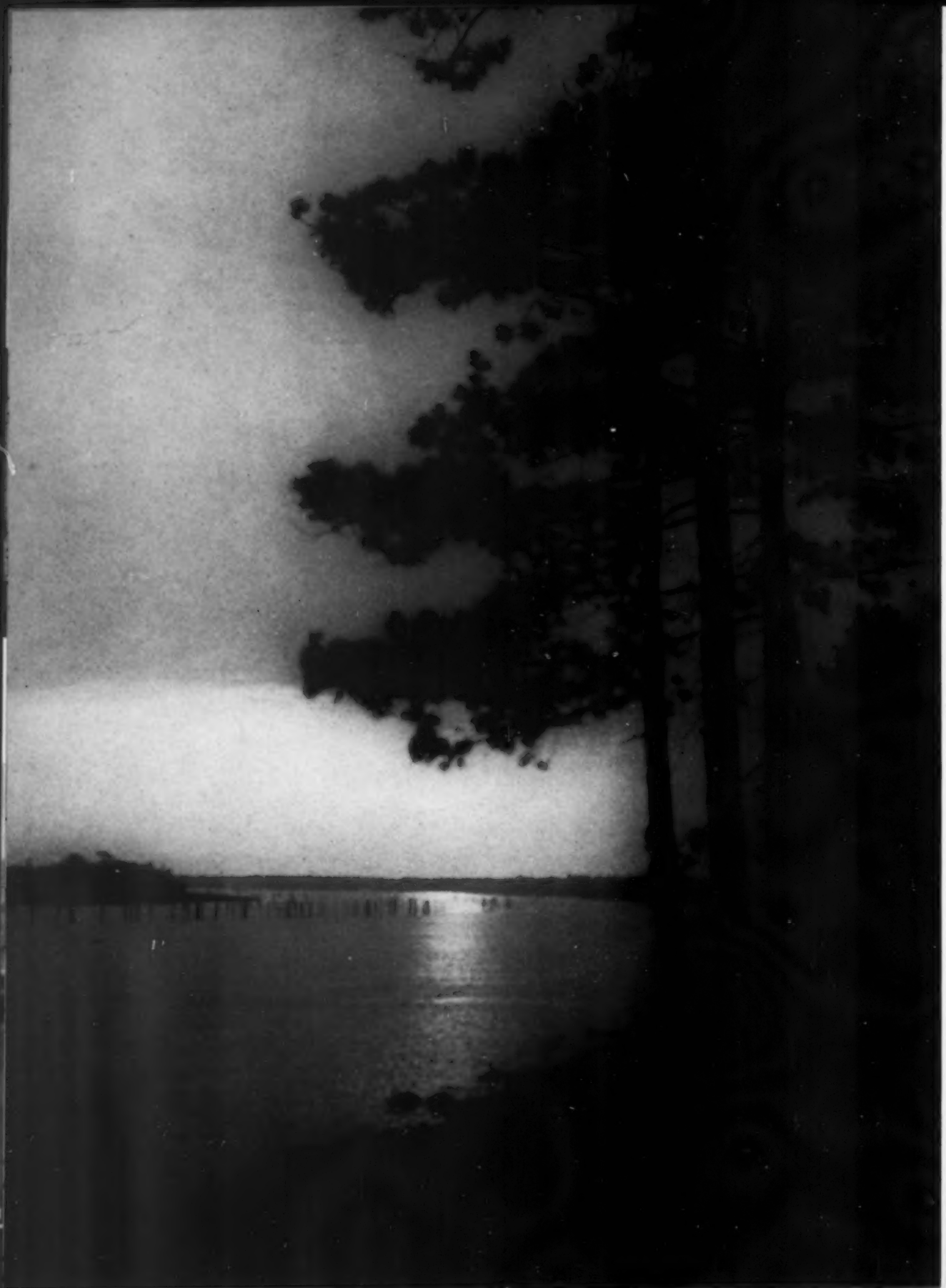


LEGEND

- Kings Highways.....
- Railways.....
- Airways.....
- Forest & Game Preserves.....

KEY TO DISTRICTS
PATRICIA
KENORA
RAINY RIVER
THUNDER BAY
COCHRANE
ALBANY
SUDBURY
TIMISKAMING
NIPISING
PARRY SOUND
MANITOULIN





The line of the lonely pines on Rainy River.

Courtesy C. K. Croxford.

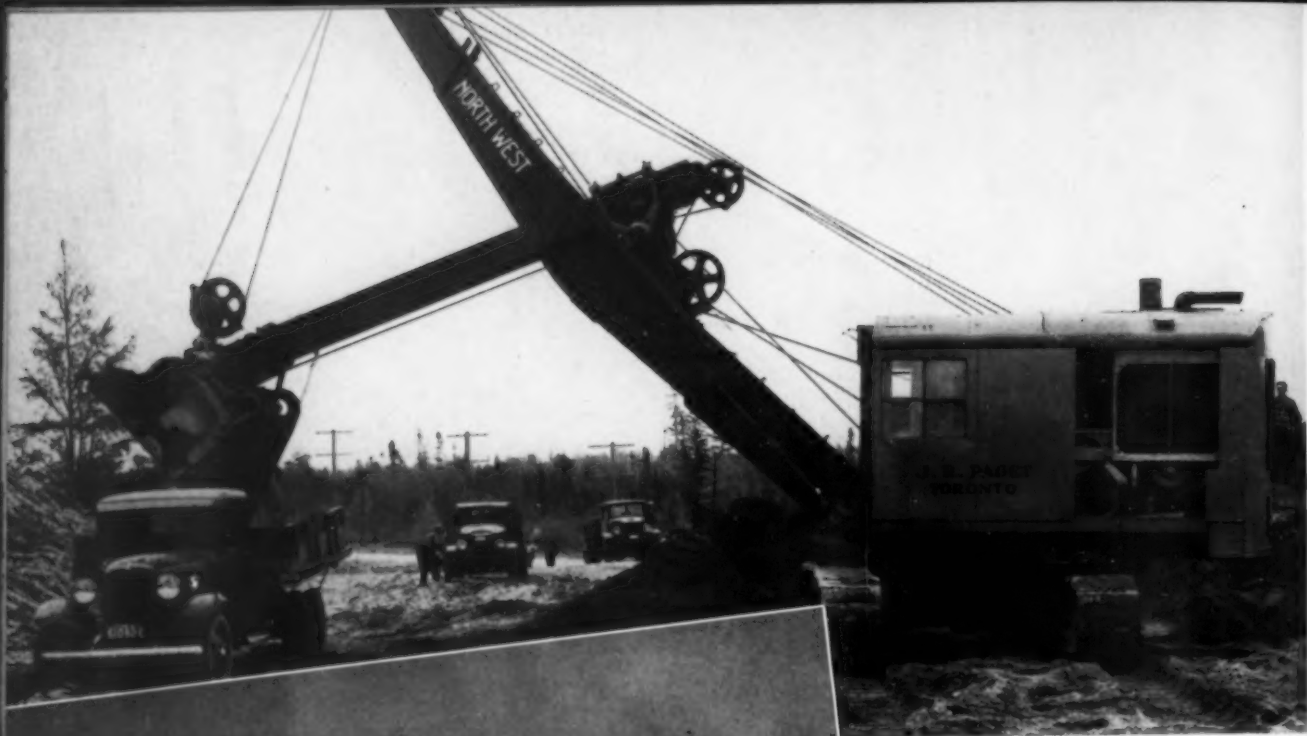
NORTH-WESTERN ONTARIO

Thirty years ago I entrained for the West, seeking new work in new environments. Through the eyes of a Maritimer I watched a thousand miles of North-western Ontario sliding by and condemned its economic future to the production of Christmas trees and granite paper-weights. What a contrast between the visions of 160 years ago and 30 years ago with the fact picture of to-day: From the rugged shore of Lake Superior west to Lake of the Woods, north to Hudson Bay, throughout the 250,000 square miles loosely referred to as North-western Ontario and comprising the districts of Thunder Bay, Rainy River, Kenora and Patricia, there is social and industrial movement, the sharp click of drill and pickaxe, the dull thunder of turbines and ore chutes, even the hum of rubber-tired wheels on surfaced roads and of aeroplane propellers down well-charted air-lanes, and from the wooded shores of countless lakes and rivers the cheery voices of summer campers and sportsmen revelling in a paradise too vast and varied ever to lose its flavour. In short, this wilderness "wasteland," once condemned as an almost impassable barrier dividing East and West, is fast developing into one of the most valuable links in the Dominion's coast to coast chain of major assets.

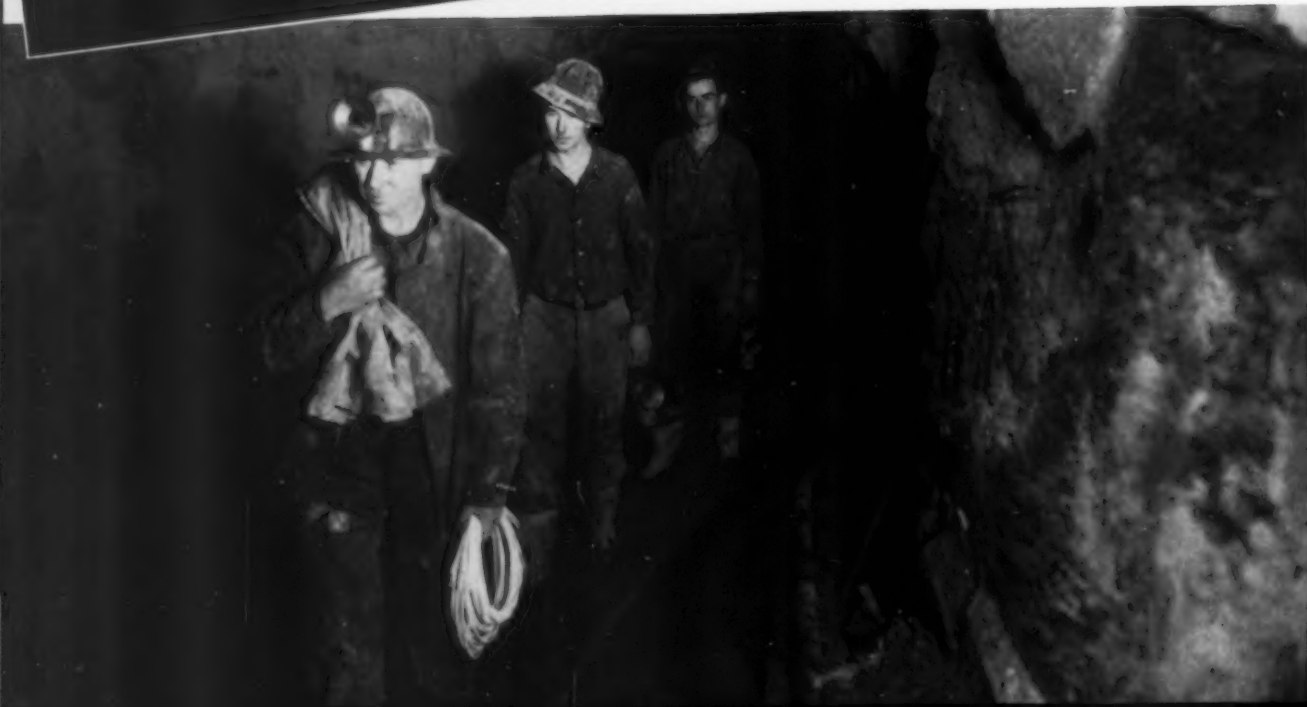
Suppose we take a bird's eye view of this alluring territory, not lingering too long with any hospitable community, engineering conquest or awe-inspiring scenery, but gathering the distinctive spirit and topography of the whole. Where better could we start than from the lakehead cities of Fort William and Port Arthur — the twin hearts that pump so much of the life blood into the network of arteries that cover the land. Here where once the palisaded fort of the North West Company held sway over a boundless wilderness and challenged the Hudson's Bay Company for the wealth of furs, there are now city streets, huge grain elevators, fleets of steamers, all the business rush of a four-way traffic meeting at the cross-roads of a continent. Where *coureurs-de-bois* and Indians and "bullies" once laboured over the portage trails of the Kaministiquia, about Kakabeka and Silver Falls into Dog Lake, over the height of

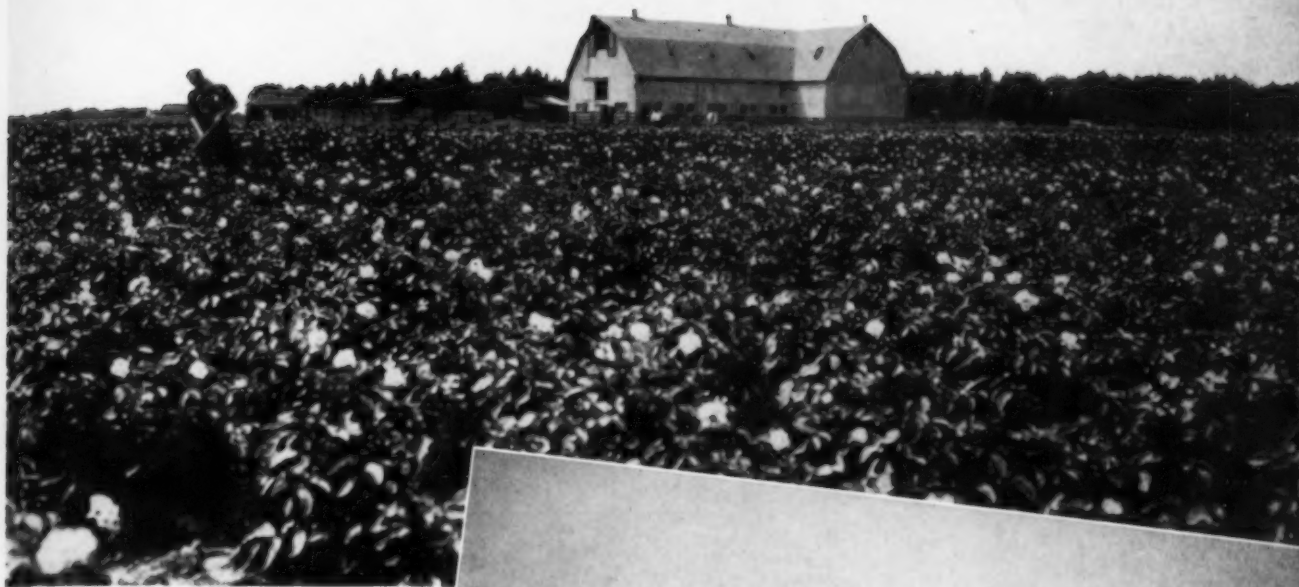
land and into the maze of lakes that led to Red River, now stream tourists in ever-increasing thousands by the luxurious trails of steel and the Trans-Canada highway, amazing the ghosts of Jacques de Noyon, Gautier de Varennes, Robert Mackenzie, even the far-sighted road-builders, Mackenzie and Mann. Not surprising however when you realize that there are 11,000,000 American citizens living within 350 miles of the Canadian lakehead and Chicago is not more than 24 hours distant by motor car, and that over 3,000 miles of highway have been built in the last few years to lure them into the virgin wilderness round about. New arrivals at the twin cities eagerly traverse the twenty-mile road from Fort William to Kakabeka Falls, where there is a drop of 128 feet. Below the falls, the waters dash madly through a pine clad gorge dotted with islands.

But let us follow them north-westward through Rainy River country to Lake of the Woods. During controversial discussions on the location of boundaries a few years after the American Revolution, Richard Champion, a British Commissioner, regretted a dispute concerning the Lake of the Woods boundary in a region which, he predicted, neither the United States nor England would ever occupy except on paper. Indeed he thought it would be well to cede Nova Scotia and the whole of Canada in exchange for the Newfoundland and Labrador fishing rights. What a watery playground: 2,000 miles of intimate broken waters, speckled with 16,000 island jewels, stocked with fish, saturated in a calm mystery and silence that resist the invasions of cabin and hotel, of gold strikes and bustling Kenora, even of millionaire steam-launches in the shade of Devil's Rock. One might think it would suffer from its accessibility to pleasure-loving man, but thanks to the protection of government and its own immeasurable and immemorial virtue it remains and always will remain a Happy Hunting Ground for the nature-lovers of the world. And of immense practical assistance to this protection is Quetico Park — 3,000 square miles of territory in the heart of the Rainy River district, south-eastward of



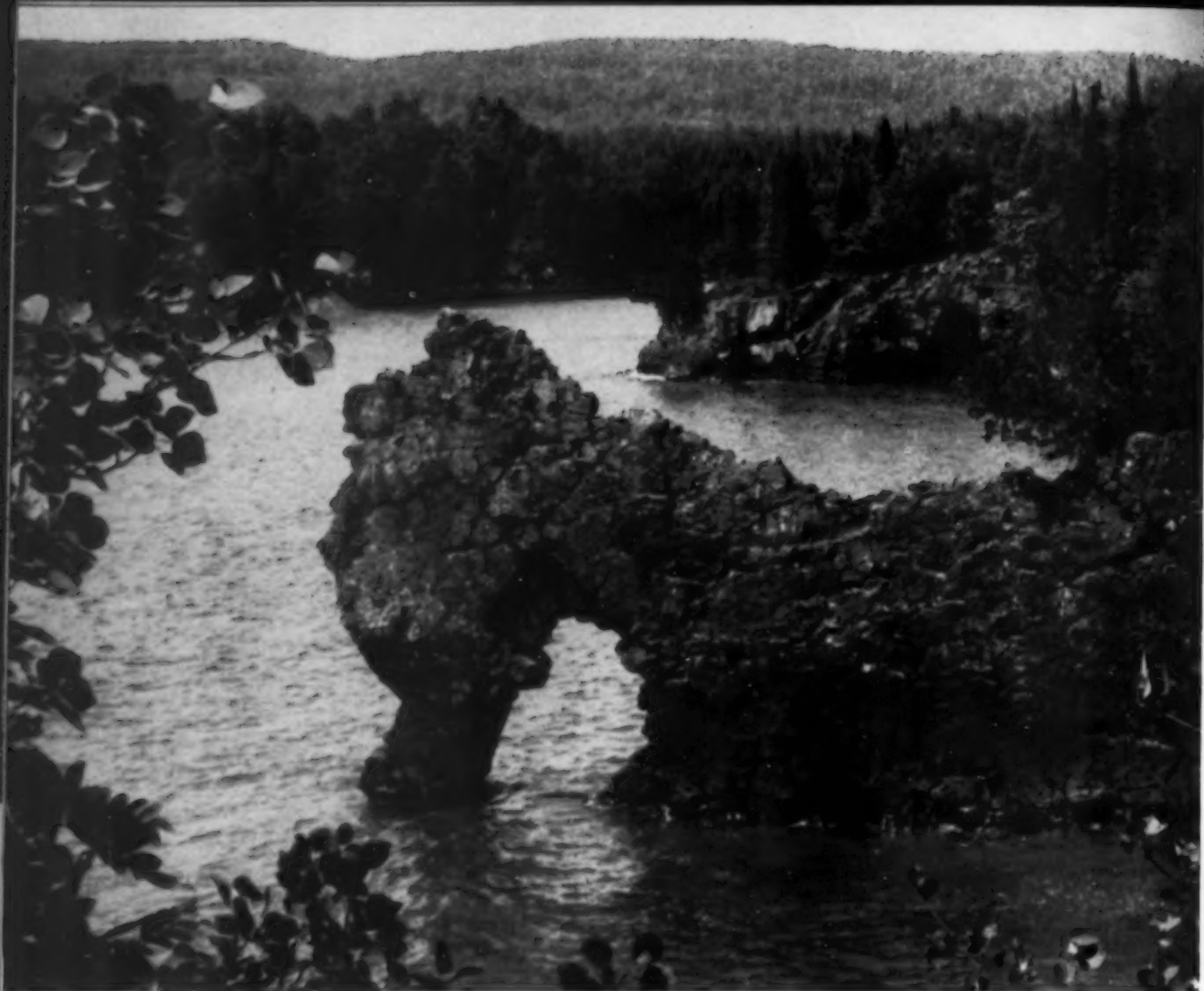
HARVESTING THE
FOREST, RIVER





NORTH FROM FIELD,
AND MINE





Where the wildness meets the "sea".

Lake of the Woods, where game can multiply without fear of molestation and spread to less-favoured spots at will. By the way, the park is reached from the west through Fort Frances, or from the east through Port Arthur and Fort William and from the south by way of Minnesota.

Lingering a day at Rainy River I heard a wealth of reasons for the popularity of the district. Explained Mr. V. K. Croxford: "This is beyond doubt one of the premier freshwater fishing and big-game hunting areas of the continent and easily accessible by good motor roads from Winnipeg, Duluth, Minneapolis or Port Arthur". He declared that Lake of the Woods water has yielded more prize-

winning muskies than any other in one of the largest international contests, annually conducted. Thirty and 40-pound muskies are common, while Sabaskong Bay, Lake of the Woods, boasts the world's record for this fish. Great northern pike up to 35 pounds have been taken, while salmon trout, wall-eyed pike, black bass and nearly all other freshwater fish are found in abundance, growing to enormous size. As for hunting, it seems that moose, deer and bear and waterfowl are common, and that an increasing band of hunters are finding this is so. Fortunately for all concerned the game laws and conservation methods are wise and rigid and have full co-operation from the camp-owners and

guides of the region. Mr. Croxford's description of the climate would lead one to wonder why any one ever went south for his health. The country is from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above sea level, the days are sun-saturated and mild, the nights are cool and fresh without exception, assuring ideal conditions for rest for tired city dwellers. As a canoeman I was particularly interested in hearing of the countless chains of navigable lakes and streams making it possible to travel by canoe to the Hudson Bay watershed on the north and west, to the head waters of the Mississippi on the south and the Lake Superior watershed on the east. Incidentally, the portages are relatively light — an important consideration. So if one wants to relive history he can follow the same old water-trails of LaVerendrye, red skins, voyageurs, the retreating Selkirk colonists, the fur brigades and countless Hudson's Bay and North West Company fur traders about their hazardous business.

But let us swing east again and land on Lake Nipigon in the centre of Thunder Bay district. A splendid lake with 800 miles of forest coast-line, brimful of the usual happy islands but impressively distinctive with 1,000-foot promontories rising sheer from its deep; cold waters. It always has been and still is Indian country, with Ojibways gliding through the water-ways in their birch-bark canoes and, in the fall, calling the bull moose to the hunter's rifle. But in comparatively recent years two great commercial industries have opened up this wilderness and given it a reputation for real and potential wealth beyond the wildest dreams of the early pathfinders. The lumber industry was to be expected in a country that seems to be all forest drained by innumerable rivers ideal for "driving" the cuts to the great pulp and paper mills at the Twin Cities. Thunder Bay is particularly noted for its enormous crops of pulp-wood, sometimes reaching between four and five hundred thousand cords in a single season, and giving work to thousands of men. Practically every farmer in this district derives benefit from this annual cut and, with the world's demand developing, new vast areas will be opened up. But the

presence of minerals, and more especially gold, was a real and magnificent discovery. At Long Lac, Sturgeon River, Sand River and a score more places I found bare patches in the wilderness that were as active as ant-hills; I found the gashes of new roads linking them with one another and the nearest shipping points; I found optimism and enthusiasm equal to that of the boom days on the prairies, and I saw plenty of material evidence for the faith that was in them.

Mr. O. F. Young, editor of the *News-Chronicle* of Port Arthur described how it started in 1930 with the discovery of gold on Kenogamisis Lake by W. W. Smith (popularly known as "Hard Rock") how inside two years other rich strikes were made east of Nipigon, resulting in a gold rush of major proportions which made the fame and fortune of several mining companies and is now providing a livelihood, directly and indirectly to thousands of newcomers. To-day daily trains with full service run in both directions and the Port Arthur-Long Lac branch is said to be one of the most profitable sections of the railway system; there are more than 200 miles of hydro-electric transmission line serving the mines and communities of the area with 6,000 horse-power, and the Commission is preparing to meet demands up to 20,000 h p, and, to quote Mr. Young: "A country that was wilderness four years ago is dotted with thriving and growing communities, served by stores, hotels, theatres, churches and schools; thanks to nine operating gold mines within 200 miles of the Canadian lakehead."

While in Thunder Bay we had better take note of the newest and one of the most important stimulants to northern recognition, namely the Trans-Canada highway. There are now only two short gaps in this coast-to-coast route, one (very short) in the Rockies, and one east of Schreiber along the north shore of Lake Superior, and both are fast being bridged. Already tourists out of the Twin Cities are acclaiming the 410-mile run through Schreiber to Jackfish as one of the most picturesque in the country, winding as it does through the Nipigon valley and along

the rugged shores of Superior, sometimes 2,000 feet above the water, and giving access to fishing streams and hunting terrain of the finest. I am told that the principal going-in points are the villages of Heron Bay, Jackfish, Schreiber and Rossport and that all the waters round about Nipigon River and Lake are stocked with speckled trout of unusual size and game-ness.

But it is time we flew due north across the Albany River into Patricia, larger than the three other districts lumped together, and so primitive that the aeroplane is about the only means of transportation to many sections. Its base follows the Albany and English rivers from James Bay to Kenora and its apex hits salt water again far up on Hudson Bay. Looking down on this almost unpopulated hinterland, with most of its waters draining north, its untracked, uncharted forests, barrens and ridges, one marvels afresh at the persistence of the urge to explore and discover and conquer new fields and new resources. For here too discovery and conquest is well under way, with the honours going to the advance guard of prospectors who dropped down from the air or who laboriously penetrated into the unknown by moccasin and canoe trail. Already nearly a dozen gold strikes are in course of active development and many of them richly producing mines. Who has not heard of the Howey, Red Lake Gold Shore, Jackson-Manion, Pickle Crow, Central Patricia, Madsen Red Lake? The Howey mine handles over 1,400 tons of ore daily. And this country is only scratched as yet. Listen to old timers, mining men, prospectors, forgathered about the Quebec heater in the general store, and no tale seems too good to be true, no future for the country seems to be beyond realization. In no time at all, they are confident, the district will be tapped by steel and crossed by highways. For the present there is the radio and the aeroplane, but particularly the aeroplane. That is a dramatic story in itself running through the whole history of recent development of North-western Ontario. It begins with two Junkers aircraft sent into Northern Alberta for the development of the oil lands;

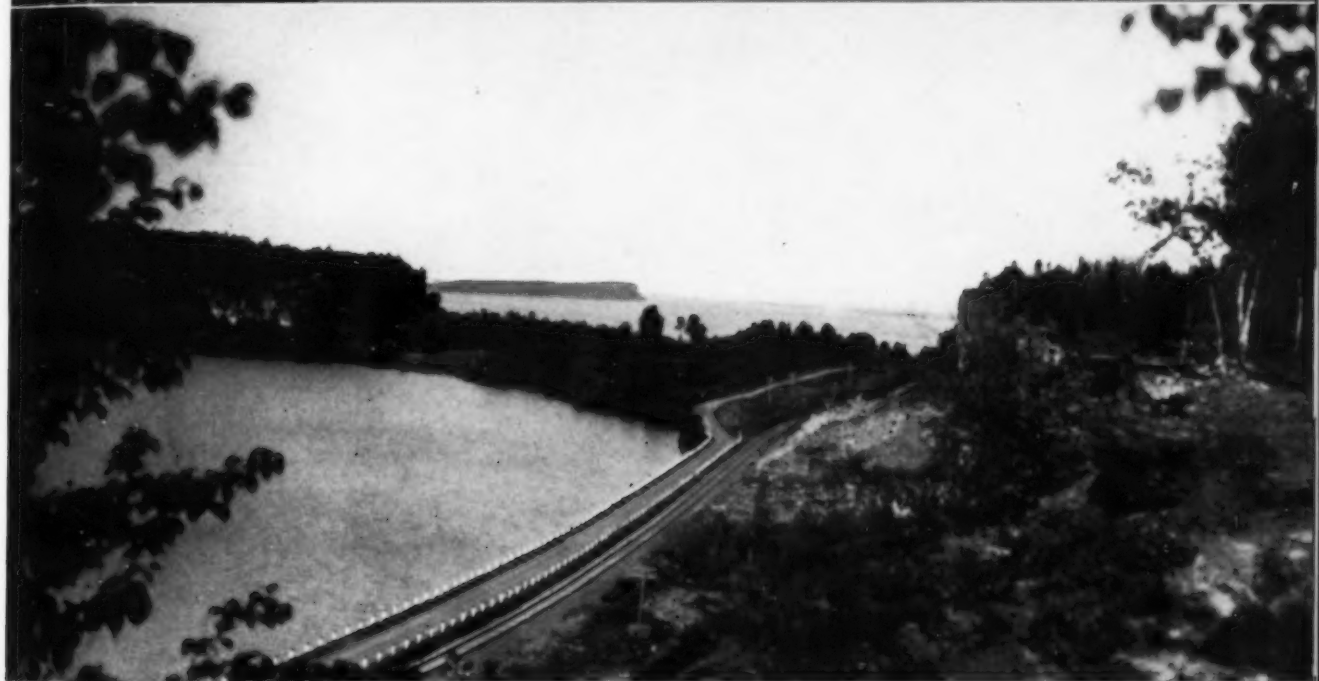
two Western Canada Airways Fokkers carrying supplies from Hudson, Ontario, to Churchill long before the railway was built, for the working of mining claims; and a few privately-owned planes giving northern "joy-rides". The far-sighted men saw the possibilities of northern flying and a one-plane service was opened up between Hudson and the Red Lake mining field. Its freight capacity was small, but its saving in time and ground labour was great, stimulating business to employ large cabin planes and powerful engines, with substantial reductions in freight rates. From that time the harnessing of the North was assured and North-western Ontario in particular began to hum with mechanical wings. Sioux Lookout, a strategic jumping-off point, boasts of no less than four commercial companies and the Provincial Air Service, and such inaccessible spots as Red Lake and Pickle Lake enjoy not only a daily freight and passenger service but sometimes witness as many as 40 arrivals and departures in a day.

Another invaluable aid to development is the abundant available waterpower, which is being utilized as fast as needs demand. Huge hydro-electric plants have been built on the Kaministiquia at Kakabeka Falls and on the Nipigon at Cameron Falls and Alexander, and smaller plants are catering to the more northern mining areas.

* * *

Glancing back over this domain of Northern and North-western Ontario, larger than France and Germany combined, I would say that one can criticize it only on the grounds of its immensity and variety. Investor, adventurer, business man, day-labourer or tourist, whoever seeks pleasure or profit in this New Land, must find it hard to choose his particular stamping ground. But to-day he need no longer choose from reports and second-hand rumours. Modern transportation by steel, highway, water, and air has opened the door so that he can enter and see for himself all the wonders and opportunities that await him in the North. Yes, the land of "Christmas trees and paper-weights" has become the land of paper and gold and the playground of half a continent.

Right:—Broad, smooth highways—why tourists leave home!





The rugged north, near Superior's twin cities.





Canada's first flour mill, at Keewatin, Lake of the Woods.

Courtesy C. N. R.

Mining plane arriving at Hudson, Little Vermilion Lake.





Wings of the north bring the wilderness to our door — a short hop from Fort William (below).





Port Arthur — where men go down to the sea in ships — 3,000 miles away.





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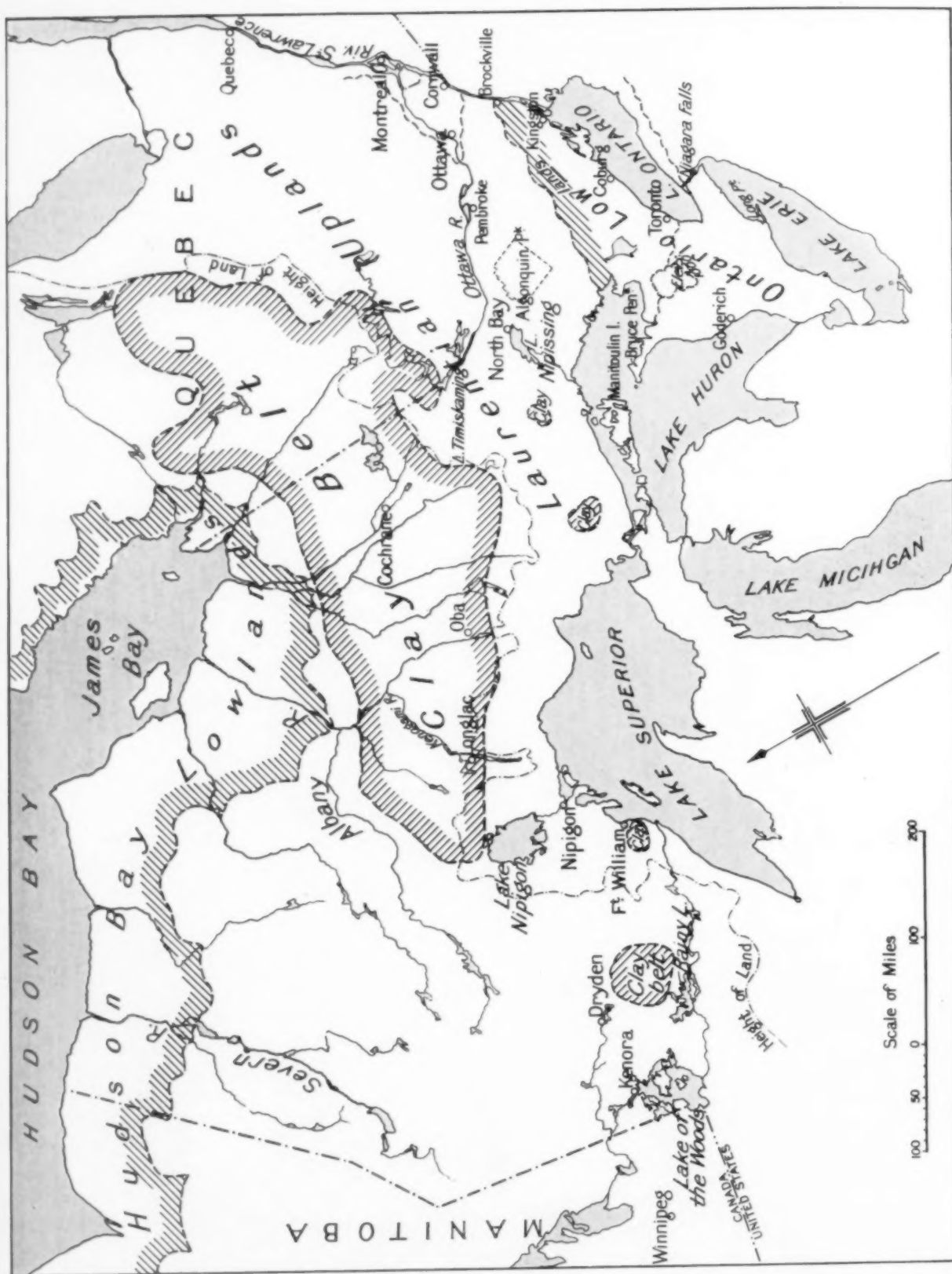


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THE GEOGRAPHIC SETTING OF NORTHERN ONTARIO

by D. A. NICHOLS

NORTH of a line drawn from Cobourg to Goderich, Ontario embraces three vastly different types of topography which are dependent upon the geological conditions of the rocks underlying them, and possibly nowhere may be found a better illustration of the relations between topography, geology and economic geography than that which prevails in these regions.

Laurentian Upland

The dominant feature is the great Laurentian Upland or Canadian Shield which occupies most of Canada north of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers and east of the Great Plains. Geologically it is a region of a very old and very complicated series of rocks which have been much deformed and faulted through the long geological periods since they were formed. Once, probably very mountainous, the country has been worn down to an almost even surface and then heavily glaciated. This has left a slightly irregular country mantled in places by glacial soil, or sands and clays laid down in the beds of extensive lakes which covered large areas towards the end of the Glacial period. The country is sometimes rather rugged with a succession of rounded hills or occasional ridges which rise above the general elevation, but from the summit of any rocky eminence, the general aspect is that of a sea of rolling hills broken occasionally by some minor elevations which obscure the more distant view.

Within the Upland there is a peculiar paucity of valleys of any considerable depth, for the deposits from the glaciers

have filled them all up, and the irregular depressions between the rock knobs or between the hummocks of glacial drift have been turned into a myriad of lakes with irregular islands and many bays, or into muskegs and swamps. Thousands of these lakes have not been named, and many hundreds have not even been seen by man except, perhaps, from an aeroplane. The waters from the ponds and lakes run from basin to basin, generally with many rapids and falls. In some places the valleys are well defined however, where trenches show an old structural valley which has influenced the direction and character of the lakes and streams within it. These pronounced valleys are probably related to some old, strongly-defined fault or other marked structural feature of the underlying rocks. Some of the valleys of the Long Lac region of Lake Timiskaming, and some of the valleys of the upper Ottawa River are examples of these. The water system of the Laurentian Upland permitted the early explorers to penetrate the wilderness, and is the marvel of every traveller in the area. These myriads of lakes have been an extremely important feature in assisting the development of Canada's northern resources, for the plane, equipped with pontoons or skis, has natural landing fields almost anywhere throughout the area. Also, when frozen in winter they make excellent routes for tractors which haul supplies to mining and other localities.

The different types of rocks underlying the Laurentian Upland have produced



Left:—Junction of Abitibi and Moose rivers on Hudson Bay Lowland.

Centre:—Water-power and timbered

different types of valleys and hills. Where the structural trend of the rocks is pronounced, the hills and valleys are drawn out in the direction of the trend, often forming long lakes with numerous arms and bays. Where the rocks are horizontal, or nearly so, as in the areas around Nipigon and Fort William, the hills are bold mesas with flat tops and steep cliffs along their sides.

In the areas mantled by glacial drift, the features are different. Level sand plains of outwash material from the glaciers, or clay plains formed in the beds of ancient lakes, cover the large areas. The ancient lake beds are therefore rather flat and featureless except along the borders of the streams where they are much gullied by erosion. The morainic areas are mostly hummocky, with occasional long drawn out ridges or eskers trailing over the surface. Where the streams have cut through the soil mantle into the underlying rock, there are rapids and waterfalls.

As a rule the lakes of the Laurentian area are the clearest in the world, as they act as settling tanks for the organic material and silt carried by the streams. Many water-powers are found where the streams descend from the Upland to the St. Lawrence Lowland or Ontario Plain.

The Laurentian Upland as already intimated is not all covered by rock exposures, but is sporadically mantled by glacial drift or lake deposits. In places these form extensive tracts of arable land, especially those embraced within the Clay Belt, where there are millions of acres of agricultural land capable of growing cereal grains and other crops. The largest of these areas is that once covered by old Lake Ojibway, extending from the vicinity of Kenogami to Cochrane, a distance of about 320 miles, and thence eastwards into Quebec for another 210 miles or more. It varies in width from 50 to 75 miles in places. The land is not absolutely flat, but is of a rolling nature giving expression to the undulations of the rock surface where the mantle of soil is not very thick. In some parts, the areas of greatest relief are those where morainic deposits are piled in irregular heaps at places where the front of the glaciers stood for some considerable time. Generally within the Clay Belt there are not as many lakes as in the rocky areas of the Laurentian regions.

The Laurentian Upland is peculiar in its many low divides between the stream systems, and in its double drainage where often a lake has two outlets. These low divides make it easy to portage from



agricultural land at Dryden, Ontario.



Right:—Lake area with lake pattern controlled by structural trend of the rocks.

Photos Courtesy R. C. A. F.

one river system to another along canoe routes.

Within the Uplands south of the Nipissing-Ottawa river line arable land is pockety, but the whole region is filled with myriads of lakes within easy access of the large cities to the south, so that the district is one huge natural park, and its scenic advantages have been recognized by the establishment of the Algonquin Park reserve, where thousands of tourists come during the warm summer months. Around North Bay there is considerable land suitable for tilling. Farther west, around Fort William, there is also some agricultural land and this extends intermittently along Lake Superior to Nipigon, extending back from the lake for some distance. Other such areas centre around Rainy Lake, the north end of the Lake of the Woods, near Kenora and around the town of Dryden. All these lie within what was once the basin of another large extinct lake called Lake Agassiz.

The character of the soil and the drainage within these agricultural areas and over the Upland as a whole have affected plant life, and evergreens are the characteristic trees of the region but, in places, aspen, poplar, white birch and others grow. In many isolated places small agricultural areas have been developed, but

they are much dependent on the local demand of pulp and paper industrial sites or on mining settlements. The supply of spruce and pulp woods, while not inexhaustible, is sufficiently large to supply our demands for a long time and for perpetuity with forest management.

Hudson Bay Coastal Plain

North of the Height of Land, the Laurentian Uplands slope gently down towards the basins of James and Hudson Bays, and the Clay Belt terrain merges with that of the Coastal Plain. At places there is a rather definite boundary, the Fall line, where the streams from the Uplands descend rather abruptly to a gently-sloping soil-covered plain underlain for the most part by flat-lying sedimentary rocks. Over the rest of the area the boundary is indefinite but is taken as the highest terrace or beach formed by the waters of Hudson Bay when the land stood some 400 to 500 feet lower than it does now. The soil is glacial drift which has been rewashed and mingled with marine clays, or pure marine clays deposited by the sea. The boundaries of this Coastal Plain sweep around James Bay westerly, increasing in width to about Long Lac or Oba, then decrease in width towards the Manitoba boundary. Near the bays, the land rises

back from the shore with a very gentle gradient in an alternating series of old beaches with intervening savannahs of grass-covered marsh. This often extends for some ten miles or so, then gives way to the timber, small and dwarfed at first, then gradually becoming thicker until the whole area is clad with dense timber and dotted with numerous small ponds and lakes. Along the streams sometimes the forest does not extend back very far as the soil is too much saturated with water to sustain growth, and this can only be seen from an aeroplane, or by explorations away from the streams themselves. There are no exposures of rocks except in the beds of some of the larger streams where they have cut down to the underlying rock, especially near their mouths. The northerly position of the plain prohibits extensive agriculture, and tilled land is only found around the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company or of occasional trappers. Only local consumption is possible for the produce as the remoteness from markets precludes the possibility of commercial agricultural success.

Near James Bay the gradient of the land is extremely gentle, but to the north towards the Albany River the slopes become greater and the streams have been able

to incise themselves to some extent in the drift and marine deposits.

Ontario Lowland

The third division of the region under discussion is the Ontario Lowland which is part of the St. Lawrence Plain. From about Allumette Island, near Pembroke, on the Ottawa River to Lake of Two Mountains, near Montreal, the boundary between the Laurentian Upland and the St. Lawrence Plain is an abrupt escarpment, on the Quebec side. This escarpment meets the lower plain in a rather clear cut line along its northern boundary, but it is less sharp on its western side. From near Renfrew, via a line through Smith Falls and Perth, to near Brockville, the boundary is ragged consisting of rock outcrops penetrated by bays of lower flat-lying sedimentary rocks or drifts. The rock outcrops become fewer to the east, until they entirely disappear and the even plain is reached. The plain to a great extent is covered by glacial drift and marine clays and sand. The elevations of the eastern section are not high.

On the Plain lie the city of Ottawa and the towns of Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior, Prescott, Cornwall and others. It is essentially an area of agricultural land and of manufacturing centres. Originally supplied by small water-powers from streams crossing

Left:—Chats Falls, Ottawa River power site, on border of Ontario Lowlands and Laurentian Upland, shows stranded logs among islands.

Centre:—Hudson Bay Lowland near Ekwan bordering rivers and the intervening muskeg left parallel bounding are small beaches



THE GEOGRAPHIC SETTING OF NORTHERN ONTARIO

the Plain, it is now mostly dependent on power brought from the adjacent Laurentian Upland to the north.

A prong of the Laurentian Upland extends southerly dividing this portion of the St. Lawrence Plain from the Ontario Lowland to the west. This prong crosses the St. Lawrence River between points near Brockville and Kingston. From near Kingston the boundary sweeps north-westerly in an arc to the mouth of the Severn River. Manitoulin Island is an outlier of the Ontario Lowland.

The Ontario Lowland differ from the Laurentian Upland in being underlain by flat-lying sedimentary rocks. The surface is diversified by having a mantle of glacial drift, the hummocks of the drift being frequently aligned in the direction from which came the glaciers. The lowland is crossed by two escarpments, the major one extending from Niagara Falls to the tip of Bruce peninsula. It reappears in Manitoulin Island. The height of the escarpment varies from 200 to 250 feet, and it is this escarpment which forms Niagara Falls, where the waters of Lake Erie tumble over it to reach the lower level of Lake Ontario.

About the middle of the peninsula of Western Ontario there is a region of

approximately 1,000 feet elevation which acted as a slight buttress against the advance of the glaciers, causing them to partly swing around the ends of this island-like area. Around its sides is scattered much hummocky moraine, while on the upper level the terrain is much smoother on account of the smaller amount of glacial debris left there. One belt of this hummocky moraine lies west of this region in a north-east direction with its tip near Goderich, and the other belt lies in the same direction on the eastern side with its tip west of Long Point on Lake Erie. This island upland forms the divide between the waters running west to Lake Huron, south to Lake Erie and east to Lake Ontario.

The St. Lawrence Plain and the Ontario Lowland are agricultural and manufacturing areas containing the greater part of the population of Ontario. The Ontario section is supplied by power from Niagara Falls and from the Laurentian Upland streams.

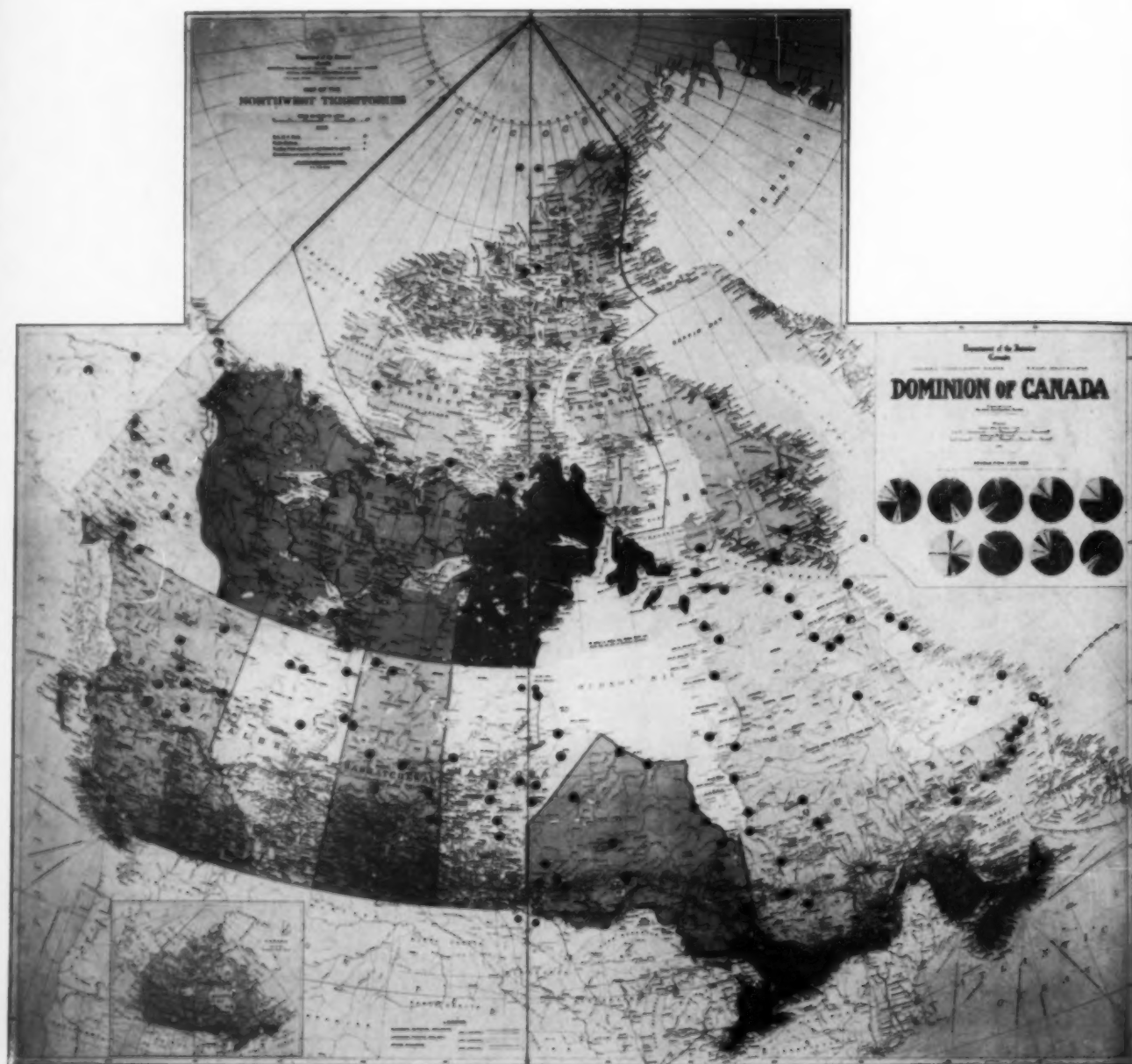
From the underlying rocks of the Lowlands are derived gypsum, salt petroleum and natural gas. Originally forest covered, most of the tree growth has been removed, but hardwoods are still found in some of the isolated and less settled regions.

Point, James Bay. Shows evergreen growth areas too wet for such growth. Right and formed when the area was submerged.

Right:—Beaches on Hudson Bay Lowland and gently shelving coast at near low tide.

Photos Courtesy R. C. A. F.





Outstanding in the field of public service broadcasting in Canada is CBC's "Northern Messenger", presented each Friday at midnight E. S. T. during the fall and winter months. A map of Canada indicating by means of black dots, the points to which traffic already has been handled.

CBC's Short-wave receiving station at Ottawa for the relays of overseas broadcasts.



THE CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

by D'ARCY MARSH

ONE of the functions of a national broadcasting system is to express and to develop the character of the country it serves. Thus, the British Broadcasting Corporation to-day embodies many attributes which are characteristically British. Similarly, the United States systems reflect the temper of the American people. And now, after two years of steady development, there has emerged in Canada a Dominion-wide system which is designed to suit the taste of the Canadian people.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation—or, as it has happily come to be called, CBC—is one of the youngest national broadcasting systems in the world, and one which (because of the peculiar necessities of radio) has found itself in a delicate situation. It has had to satisfy the demand of audiences accustomed to the American type of programme, and those who clamour for broadcasts with a British flavour. It aims to cater to the demands of French speaking Quebec, and at the same time to maintain

a high standard of programmes in English. Above all, it has striven to be an essentially Canadian organization, encouraging Canadian artists and satisfying the national demands of the Dominion.

In the light of this situation, it is surprising that, during the comparatively brief period of its existence, the CBC has attained the status of a national system, and a system which possesses an individual character, differentiating it from all others. It is worth-while to examine how this has been brought about.

First of all, what is the CBC? That may appear to be a stupid question, but it is not. The structure of the organization has contributed to its success. To the layman, national control of radio means only one thing—the operation of a broadcasting system by a department of government—and he knows that such an arrangement carries with it many possibilities of political abuse; at the same time he recognizes that radio has become such a vital

public utility, and so powerful an instrument in the hands of propagandists, that he regards unlimited private enterprise in this field with some apprehension. The CBC represents an effort to combine the best features of public ownership with that protection from political interference which private concerns enjoy. To this end, two years ago there was set up, by the present Government, a Corporation, operated by a General Manager who is responsible to a Board of Governors, which in turn is responsible to Parliament through the Department of Transport. The General Manager operates the system; the Board of Governors decides upon policy; the Minister of Transport answers to the people of the Dominion for what is done, via their Federal Parliament. The advantage of this remote popular control is that the people of Canada have a voice in the affairs of the Canadian radio system, but direct political interference is rendered impossible, first because policy is determined by a representative group of Canadians, who receive no salary for their work, and secondly because members of Parliament can approach the operating head of the organization only through the Board of Governors. Furthermore, while the General Manager has no authority to determine policy, the Board of Governors has no authority to interfere with the details of the General Manager's administration.

Secondly, how does the CBC operate? It is only within the past few months that we have been given a true glimpse of the potential power of our broadcasting system. Since the inception of the Corporation, it has followed a well prepared policy of development. The first necessity was to acquire sufficient power to render the CBC capable of assuming the rôle, and the responsibilities, of a national system. To this end, high-powered transmitters have been built—links in a coast-to-coast chain of key stations. Naturally, the more thickly populated areas of Ontario and Quebec had to be served first. So, to this end, two 50,000-watt transmitters were established in Eastern Canada, one at Verchères, Quebec, the other at Hornby, Ontario. By means of these, the CBC has been able to give first class service to a wide area of the Dominion, and to

gain dominance of the air in the East. At the same time, a high-powered transmitting station was erected on the outskirts of Vancouver, in British Columbia. This however was only half the battle. The next step was the erection of a 50,000-watt transmitter in Saskatchewan, on the Prairies, and a similar unit near Sackville, N.B., in the Maritimes. The Saskatchewan transmitter is rendered more efficient by virtue of the fact that the prairies enjoy the finest broadcasting frequency in North America; its signal can go rolling across all Saskatchewan, most of Alberta and a part of Manitoba, while programmes can be carried "down North" toward the Arctic circle.

The building of these two stations constitutes an important milestone in the history of Canadian radio. The pioneers' work is done. Before the high-powered stations were in existence, the CBC was an interesting project; now it is an accomplished fact. Furthermore, as day succeeds day, it becomes increasingly vital, for men and women in the remote areas of the Dominion (who before the advent of radio had little or no evening recreation during the winter) are coming to depend upon their receiving sets. Soon these will be indispensable, if they have not already become so. Radio has transformed the lives of thousands of Canadians; they would never tolerate a return to the boredom and loneliness which in the old days were their inevitable portion. And, were it not for the new powerful stations of the CBC, they would be still without this means of lightening their leisure hours.

Thirdly, what function does it perform, which could not be performed by a system of private stations? It is the instrument by means of which Canada—all Canada—can express itself. One might say that it supplies the Dominion with a national voice. Only a loosely integrated system, which is adaptable to widely differing provincial conditions, yet which is nevertheless given direction by a central authority, can adequately perform such a function. The danger of diffused control would be that emphasis would be laid upon points of difference between the various communities in the country, to the detriment of national unity; at the same

time, the danger of too rigid centralization would be that insufficient attention would be paid to the desires, the tastes and the contributions of these same communities. The CBC is so designed that the personnel of its Board of Governors is representative of the Dominion as a whole, yet the administration is conducted by the General Manager and his staff at the Head Office and regional offices.

The growth of the CBC, contrary to some expectations, has not wiped out private radio enterprise; it has merely changed its nature. The private station, in Canada, will come more and more to be a local institution, by means of which individual communities can express themselves and cater to local needs. This will not relegate the private station to a position of unimportance; indeed, private stations will come to be an indispensable complement to the national system. To the extent that periodically network programmes will be initiated from local points, the private stations will contribute vitally to the national system, but they will not perform a consistent national service. Thus the CBC will be able to concentrate upon the building of the broad national programme, and will be able to draw upon the achievements and experience of private stations for the enrichment of that programme, while the private stations, in turn, will be able to draw from the CBC according to their own demands.

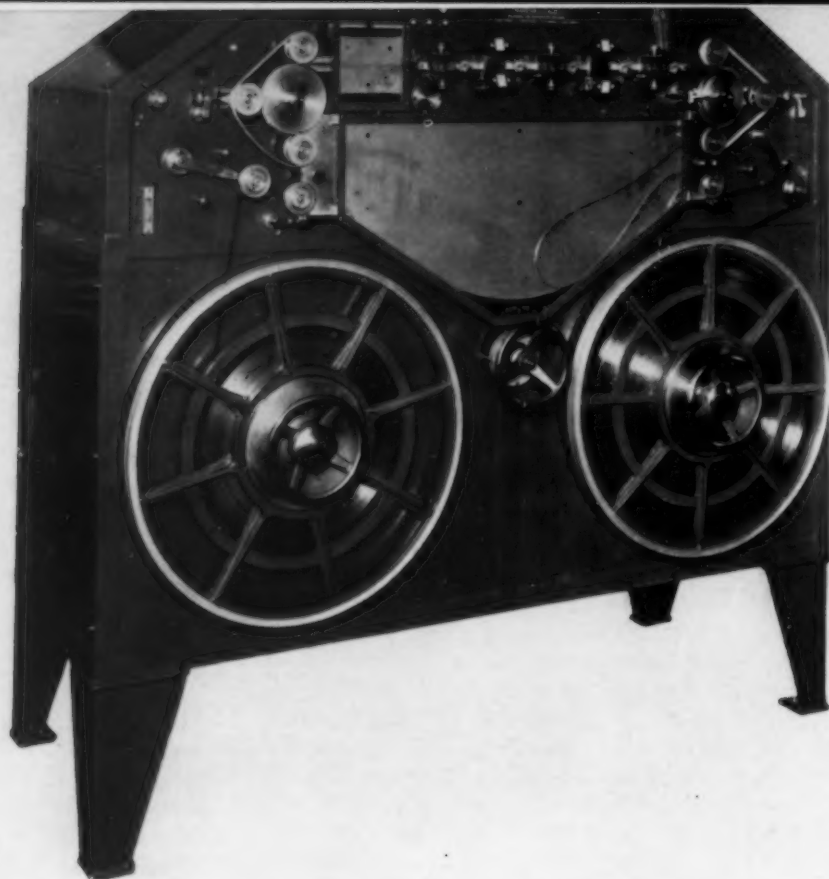
The fourth, and in many ways most important question of all, is this: given a definition of its function and the necessary equipment what can the CBC offer the people of Canada? What has it so far offered? What does it plan to offer in the future? To find the answer to these questions it might be well to examine the work of the programme committee of the CBC, which met in Toronto last August and which laid down certain broad principles to guide development. These principles were set forth by Major Gladstone Murray, General Manager of the CBC, in an address broadcast over the national network from Halifax on August 17, as follows: (A) A general raising of standards—not an aspiration, but a purpose; (B) More concentration and less dispersal of effort; more polishing and highlighting of programmes,

with an extension of professional treatment.

So expressed, the objectives appear to be broad enough, but already the principles are being applied. It is impossible to include, in an article of this length, a comprehensive survey of the programme development planned for the ensuing year, but brief reference should be made to some of the main features which have been evolved. In regard to the phrase "an extension of professional treatment," no more fitting example of what this means could be found than the fall Shakespearian series which were broadcast over the Canadian network. In the course of eleven Sunday evening broadcasts of Shakespeare plays such famous actors as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Margaret Anglin, Charles Warburton, Walter Huston, Walter Hampden, Eva Le Gallienne and Dennis King broadcast from the Toronto studios of the CBC. The productions were not intended as merely one-star performances, but all the resources of the major Canadian cities were employed, so that an opportunity might be afforded for Canadian theatrical talent (which is plentiful but has lacked an adequate medium for expression) to express itself. Actors from Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and other leading Canadian cities were employed in the series, and in addition music was supplied by an orchestra composed of Canadian musicians and directed by Reginald Stewart. The productions were supervised by Rupert Lucas.

Music remains in many ways the most important field of activity in which the CBC engages. And again, the main objective of the CBC is to encourage talent which lies within the confines of the Dominion. The problem which the Corporation faces, and the plans evolved to solve it, were described by the General Manager in this Halifax broadcast in the following terms:

"Music continues to be the bulk of our work. Policy remains the same, to bring to Canada from abroad the best concerts, the best artists, the best instrumentalists that are available, to give to Canada the best music of all kinds that can be produced in Canada, and to export that part of musical effort in Canada which is worthy of international recognition. There is, however, a new aspect of the coming season in



CBC blattnerphone recording machine in use at Ottawa. Programmes are recorded magnetically on a steel tape which can be demagnetized and used again if not wanted for permanent files.

music which I would like to emphasize. This is the plan to support leading Canadian symphony orchestras. It is obviously impossible to include all the orchestras in Canada in the first phase of the plan. What we are doing next season is to bring to national network listeners the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montréal, and later the Calgary Symphonic Orchestra. As you know, we have been taking the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra this summer on Sunday afternoons from Stanley Park. Now in this connection, I would ask you to let me make two points — first, that by supporting orchestras in existence rather than by creating a central orchestra of our own, as the BBC did in the United Kingdom, we are spreading our resources, encouraging local initiative and the public performance of good music. The second point is, that if we do our jobs properly in relation to quality, we cannot allow geography to intervene unduly.

"We are going to try to highlight dance music in Canada in a special way.

"We have decided also to develop old-time music professionally, and to encourage the creation of a band that will be unique. The keen rivalry between Saskatchewan and New Brunswick in this field will not be disadvantageous.

"Nor should I forget that we are making it possible for the Lunenburg Choir to continue in existence. We can look forward to a delightful series of choral programmes by them next season."

Already the talks arranged by the CBC have been given wide recognition. The winter season saw an enlargement of the scope of talks, an increase in the number and variety of speakers, and certain changes in the method of presentation which experience has shown to be advisable. One change in policy initiated by the Talks Department has brought into being a series called "The World To-Day." In the course of this series, panels of experts will discuss problems of national



Broadcasting sound pictures from one of Canada's National Parks.

and international importance. Already successful experiments have been carried on in this form of public discussion, but "The World To-Day" series will serve largely to supplant the one-man form of political commentary which has been so prominent a feature of North American programmes. It is hoped that, by this method, it will be possible to compress into one debate sufficient different viewpoints to guarantee a complete impartiality on the part of the Corporation itself concerning those issues on which it is impossible not to take sides. The CBC is presenting, of course, other talks, of an entertaining and instructive nature. Some are known already to many Canadians. Accounts of circus life in "Under the Big Top;" whimsical dissertations upon life by rural characters in "Scrub Oak Hollow;" tales of adventure in "I Cover the Water-front;" amusing tales of interest to women in "The Washtub;" stray comments upon this, that and the other thing presented under the title "Carte Blanche"—such

special features have been introduced to supplement the book reviews and commentaries upon social conditions, health and so on which form an imperative part of any talks programme.

A great problem for any broadcasting system which extends over so many thousands of miles is that of time zones. And time zones play a vital part in the formation of a policy regarding children's entertainment. With great care, the CBC has arranged for a children's programme five times a week on the national network at 5.30 to 5.45 Eastern Standard Time and 4.30 to 4.45 Central Standard time. This programme is then re-broadcast on the Mountain and Pacific time zones from Vancouver, at 4.30 to 4.45 PST, and in the Maritimes from 5.15 to 5.30 AST, in order to be reasonably within range of bed-time in all parts of the Dominion. The main feature of the children's programme is a series written specially for the CBC by Paul Wing, the eminent children's

author, entitled "A Magical Voyage to the Dominion of Candy."

So much, in a general way, for the scope of the activities of the CBC, the manner in which it is operated and what it aims to achieve, as the national broadcasting system of Canada. It must be borne in mind that the national function of the Corporation is not its only important purpose. It has an Empire and an international significance. As radio is coming more and more to be the major instrument of political force in the world—witness the part played by radio in the international crisis over Sudetenland—so are individual systems assuming increasing importance in the countries they serve. Relations with United States systems developed by the CBC, in conformance with the general spirit of North American friendship, have produced already an increase in understanding between the two countries and these relations grow consistently more cordial. The interchange of programmes between Canada and the United States has enriched the CBC on the one hand and the American systems on the other. From the Canadian point of view this step, allied to the development of regular transatlantic broadcasts from the British Broadcasting Corporation and the concentration by the CBC upon Canadian talent, has made it possible for listeners in the Dominion to gain access to the best of the American programmes, to carefully selected British numbers, and at the same time to watch the growth of their own characteristic forms of broadcast entertainment. Another element has recently come into evidence—international exchange, beyond the Empire and the United States, which brings to these shores opera from Milan, special French programmes and offerings from other European countries.

Furthermore, the Empire influence of radio has been increased by a system of personnel exchange, whereby for a brief period producers and other officials from the BBC exchange with those of the CBC, and similar arrangements are made between other parts of the Empire. The building of the short-wave transmitting station projected by the Corporation Management will permit the Dominion, for the first time in its history, to talk direct to the world, instead of using the expensive beam wireless of other systems, or routing their world

and Empire broadcasts through New York and other American centres.

Thus, Canadians are establishing a truly national system, with an ambitious plan of development in their minds, at a time when, as already mentioned, radio is beginning to come into its own as a world force.

In conclusion, a word should be said regarding the men who are guiding the destinies of the CBC and have done so through the perilous pioneer stages of the project. The Board of Governors has as its chairman Leonard W. Brockington, K.C., of Winnipeg, one of the most eminent men in the Dominion, a scholar of distinction and a man who has played a prominent part in the public affairs of this country for two decades. The imprint of his character, and that of his colleagues, may be found already reflected in the bold and comprehensive policies embarked upon. The General Manager is Major W. E. Gladstone Murray, a Canadian, who for many years was a major official of the British Broadcasting Corporation, and who came to this country at the request of the Government when the new organization, which resembles the BBC so closely in regard to the form of its administration, came into being. His technical knowledge, his vision and shrewd drive have made possible a fusing of various elements which, in less capable hands, might have become discordant. Dr. Augustin Frigon is in control of the Quebec activities. E. L. Bushnell, the General Supervisor of Programmes, shoulders much of the responsibility for day to day operation.

A last point should be borne in mind. In conformance with the desire to cater to the needs and desires of all communities in Canada, the CBC has judiciously dispersed its administrative offices. The Head Office is situated in Ottawa, the political centre of Canada; the engineering headquarters are to be found in Montreal, the metropolis of the Province of Quebec, and the main production, commercial and publicity departments are in Toronto, the capital of Ontario. To take care of Maritime and Western requirements, subsidiary centres have been built up at such places as St. John, Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

So, slowly, the structure grows. It is still incomplete, still imperfect, but it exists. It has character and direction, and—above all else—the finger of the CBC has found the national pulse.



CBC's 50,000-watt transmitter, building and aerial of CBL at Hornby, Ontario.

OASES AMONG THE SKYSCRAPERS OF



OF NEW YORK

by MARY PARKER

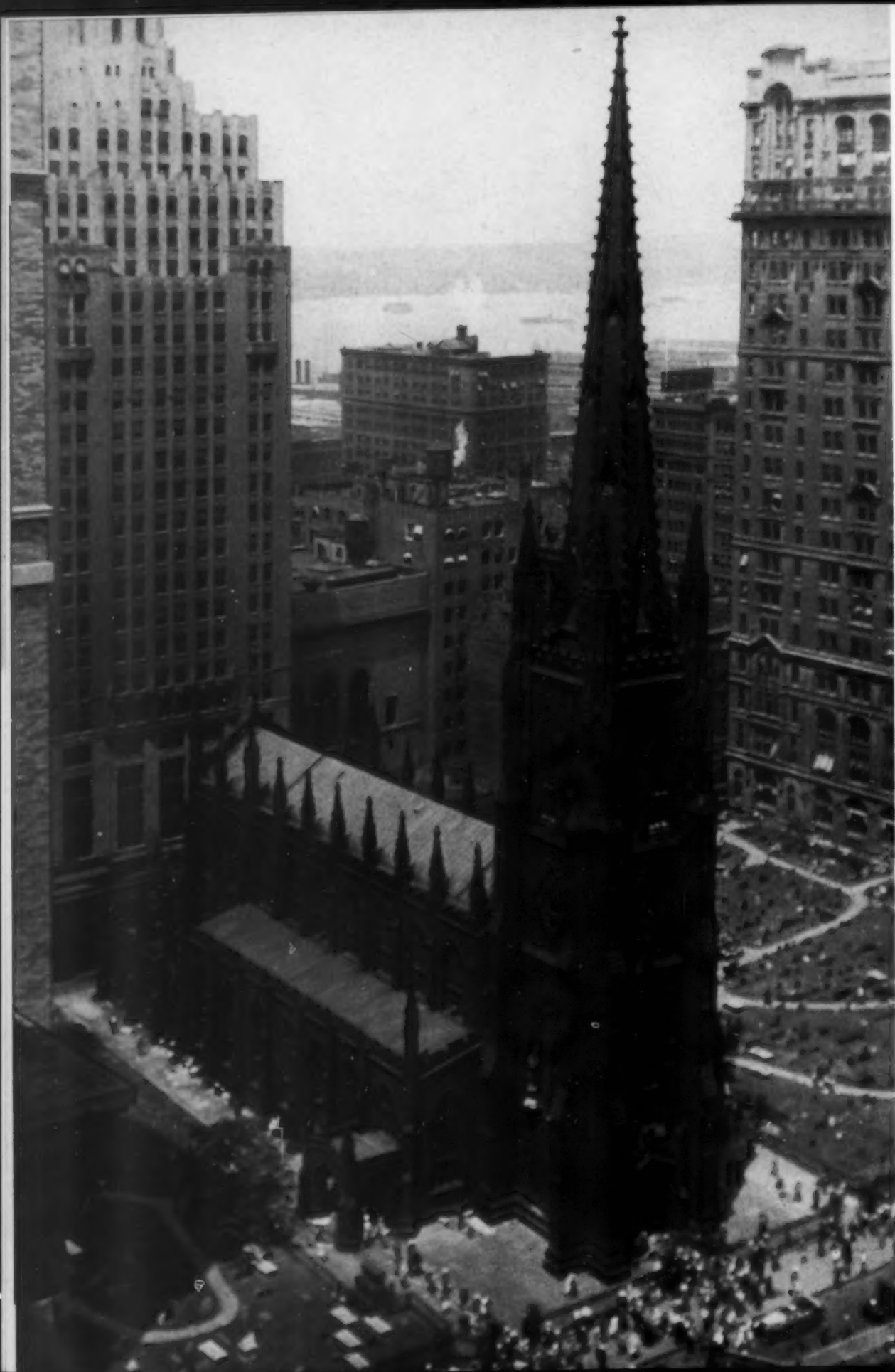
MANHATTAN, like Gaul, is divided into three parts — East Side, West Side and Fifth Avenue — for it is a long island running north and south, and all of its major attractions are strung along one of these divisions like beads on a three-strand necklace, clasped together at one end by the Battery, at the other by Fort Tryon Park and the Cloisters, with Central Park as a vast emerald pendant in the middle.

The average out-of-towner thinks of New York as a sort of man-made Bad Lands with huge concrete and steel monoliths thrusting their massive forms into a hostile sky from an earth where no green thing ever grew. And if you arrive by train, you will have no reason to change your mind, for you will land in the heart of this barren waste. But, "spring comes babbling and strewing flowers" in New York just as it does in the tiniest hamlet in Canada, and to prove it I want to take you to some of my favourite haunts.

Let us start on the West Side with breakfast in the Central Park Zoo! Not in the lion's den but on an enchanting terrace facing east which overlooks the gardens and the seal pool. Beyond the pool is the Arsenal, now the main offices of the Park Commission which is slowly but surely giving this city a magnificent system of parks and parkways. To the south and east tall skyscrapers stand at a respectful distance, not even coming close enough to cast a shadow on this sunny spot, and the seals disport themselves to the continual delight of an admiring gallery. After breakfast (no, you won't smell the animals while you are eating) don't miss the baby llama "Christmas", whose proud little patrician head bespeaks an ancestry dating back to centuries before the Christian era; or Joe, the young chimpanzee, who upon occasion is dressed up in rompers and shoes and can sit at a table like any good little boy and eat out of a spoon. Joe is being trained for a football player and bids fair to make the All-American team if his game continues to improve as it has in the past. You will also see top hats and canes with their very

Left:—Lower Manhattan looking toward East River and beyond. Piers at left are on the Hudson. Battery Park in foreground.

Courtesy American Air Lines, Inc.



dignified owners if you go to the Zoo on a Sunday morning, and a devoted clientèle who come again and again, for the food is excellent, the setting idyllic and the entertainment unsurpassed. After all, it isn't everywhere that you can get a vaudeville show along with your breakfast.

If you feel, however, that breakfasting in the Zoo is beneath your dignity, you can cross over to the west side of the park and breakfast at the Tavern-on-the-Green, where you will be served in proper style as you sit on its garden terrace and watch the horseback riders canter sedately past. If you have ever ridden out West or in real country, this will seem pretty tame, I fear, and you will probably wish you had chosen the Zoo.

From the Tavern-on-the-Green it is but a short distance to the American Museum of Natural History and the Planetarium and a lovely walk along the lakes past the "old swimming hole" where small boys dive off the bank in the traditional costume of small boys the world over until word goes around that "the cop is coming". Then they vanish into the shrubbery and hastily don a garment or two until the danger is past. Or you may see a proud mother duck followed by a procession of little ducklings quack-quacking cheerfully behind her as she swims away for fresh delights.

I doubt if any one has ever explored all the rooms of the American Museum of Natural History, but there is one section which should have four stars before its name in any guide book. This is the Roosevelt Memorial, the most dramatic entrance to which is from Central Park West, for you come immediately into a beautifully proportioned hall which is a fitting ante-room for the "frontiers of enchantment" so exquisitely recreated in the Akeley African Hall directly ahead and the South Asiatic Hall to the left. Three of Carl Akeley's bronze groups of African life set the key to the African Hall, which was the cherished dream of his life. On either side of the entrance stand Malvina Hoffman's statues of the "African Drummer" and the "Daboa Dancing Girl", and at the farther end two giant elephant tusks guard the exit, while a huge map of Africa fills the wall beyond. The groups themselves are incomparable. Africa, the "Dark Continent," becomes real

before your eyes — a land of wide horizons with an almost unearthly radiance in its skies and the remnants of all the Royal Family of mammals peopling its vast plains. You can almost smell the sharp, aromatic scent of crushed herbs which is the true wild scent of Africa. The elephant group dominates the hall, the rear guard mounted to face in the opposite direction from the rest of the herd, for in every herd of elephants one animal at least is responsible for wheeling about at frequent intervals to see that all is well.

The Hayden Planetarium is a separate building reached from downstairs, and here is staged what critics are unanimous in proclaiming the "best show in town." No night club can boast the galaxy of stars which flash out here. The show is changed every month and I defy any one to become blasé over the moment when, out of the utter blackness, bounded by four walls, the spark from a cosmic ray transports you beyond time and space into a universe of stars. The illusion is complete, and if you miss everything else in New York, don't miss this.

From the stars to the Hall of Ocean Life is but a short step physically, but it is a mental gap which I am never able to bridge myself, so I merely suggest it if you like fish and want to see some of Zane Grey's trophies very handsomely mounted. For myself, I prefer either taking the Eighth Avenue subway direct to the Cloisters or walking over a few blocks to the Riverside Drive bus and taking it to the Claremont for refreshments. The Claremont was once a private residence and still retains a certain glamour of the past, for it sits in its own park overlooking the Hudson, a white frame house with tables on the lawn,—a country gentleman's estate of a hundred years ago. Across the way is the Rockefeller Church, with its carillon of seventy-two bells, the largest carillon in the world, which you can see if you want to go up in the tower, or hear at vespers for blocks around.

From the Claremont you can reach the Cloisters by a rather more devious but much more beautiful way than if you went straight from the Museum. In one case you will see New York's newest and finest underground development and in the other, her "Corniche Drive" and newest park development.

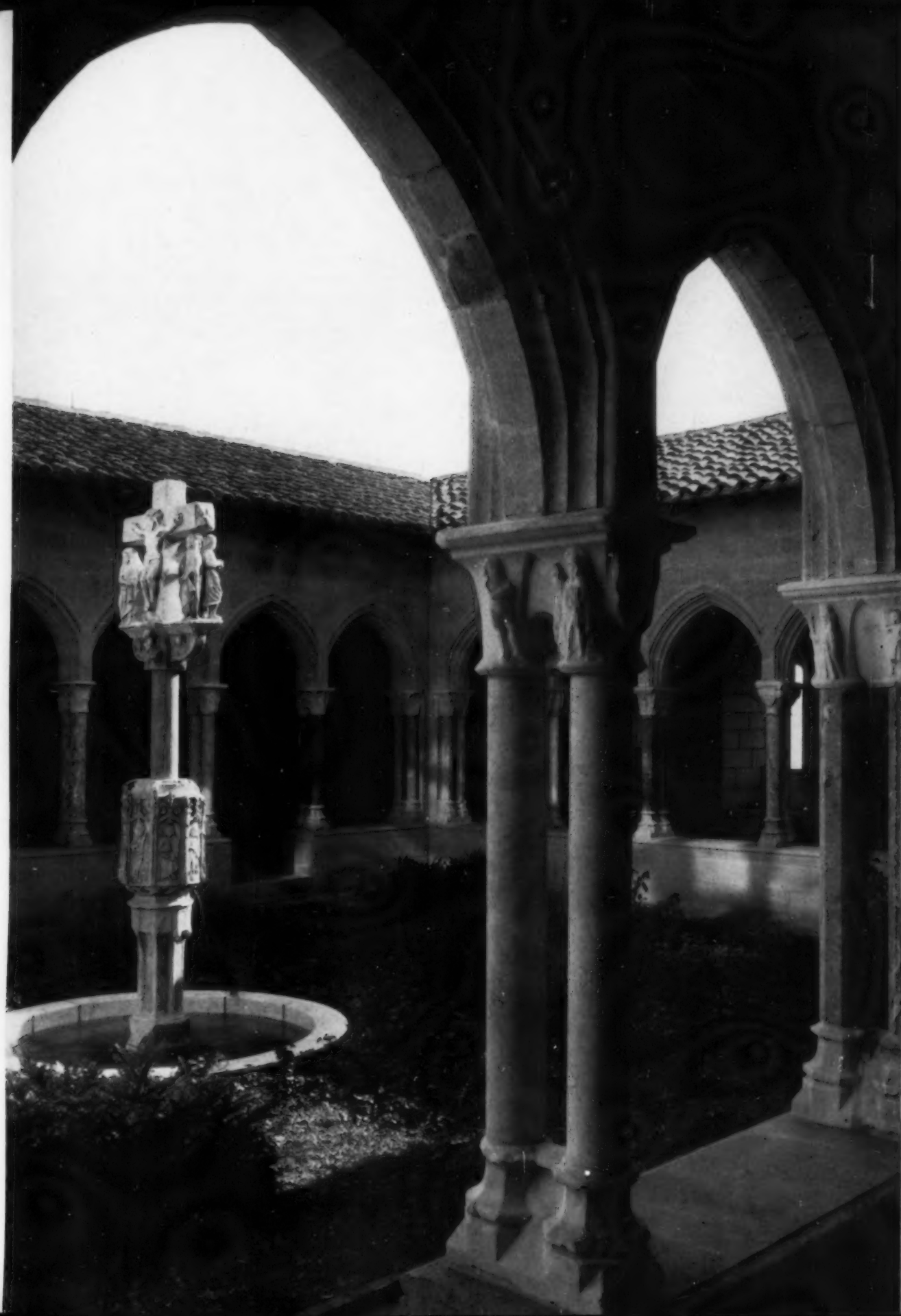
Located at the northern tip of Manhattan Island, the Cloisters house under one roof parts of the original cloisters of five French monasteries — St. Guilhem-le-Désert, St. Michel-de-Cuxa, Bonnefont-en-Comminges, Trie and Froville — united into one harmonious whole. The gardens of the various cloisters are planted with shrubs and flowers that belonged to the period of the original buildings, so far as they could be learned from documents (Charlemagne's list of herbs was especially helpful) and contemporary art, and the hill-side facing south is pink with crab-apple blossoms in the spring. The approach is that to a medieval castle, and the treasures inside are priceless. The most famous are probably the Unicorn tapestries, the finest in this country, if not in the world. Their brilliant jewel colours, the vivid and often amusing details in the story they tell and their exquisite workmanship will revolutionize your ideas about tapestries. The entire building is an intimate one with no long corridors to walk, and the doorways from one room to another are often an integral part of the museum, many having been transported bodily from their original settings and placed here. And you can always sit in one of the cloister gardens and imagine you are back in the thirteenth century.

But if you want to sit, I suggest that you go back past the crab-apple orchard to Fort Tryon Park on the next hill and watch the sun set over the Palisades. Against their unyielding walls the dogwood blossoms lie like drifted snow, and the tender green of weeping willows casts plaintive shadows in the water below. As dusk fades into darkness, the lights come out on the George Washington Bridge, and little sail-boats and sleek cruisers point their noses homeward. No matter what time of year you go to Fort Tryon, its terraced gardens, its quiet walks and its view over the Hudson as far as the eye can see will weave a spell over you and transform New York forever from a city of steel and concrete into a fairyland where myriads of fireflies illumine in summer the branches of gnarled old trees which have stood there for generations, and the scent of roses fills the air. Yes, this is New York. Manhattan. But it is as

remote from the ordinary conception of the "Big City" as a castle on the Rhine.

The East Side until recently was a sort of neglected stepchild, but the Triborough Bridge, the new parkway along the East River and a few ultra-modern apartment house developments such as those at Beekman Terrace, Sutton Place and Gracie Square are setting the pace for a new East Side which may some day rival the West. Unfortunately there is little to see unless you know some one with an apartment looking over the river, but if you are curious to see the original setting for "Dead End", you will find it at the foot of East 53rd Street. The Gracie mansion is also open to the public and a very charming place it is, furnished largely by the Museum of the City of New York in the magnificent manner of its past. Since the Battery is just as much East Side as West Side, we mention that here too. The ornate building at the foot of Broadway is the U. S. Custom House, as many have discovered to their sorrow. There are some rather startling new murals in the modern manner in the rotunda and some beautiful panelled walls which are contemporary with the building in the reception room for the Collector's office. Other than that, it is just a factory for Uncle Sam. Across Battery Park is the Aquarium with sea horses and tropical fish of wondrous hues and a couple of very solemn penguins all dressed up in white ties and tails as if on their way to a dinner party. Downtown New York is like an asparagus bed of tall buildings but even there a few green spots have been left, such as Bowling Green which was just that in the old days, Trinity Churchyard at the head of Wall Street, and St. Paul's, the oldest church on Manhattan, with its back to Broadway. It was built in 1754 to face the Hudson beyond the meadow which then sloped down to the river in front of it. The Woolworth Building, a few blocks up Broadway, is no longer in the running as one of the tallest buildings in New York but it is still one of the most beautiful. From its tower you can look down on the ships of every nation on their way to the four corners of the globe, and follow them with your eyes as they sail down the harbour through the gateway to the seven seas.

Right:—The Cloisters: Trie Cloister showing arcades and garden court. Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art.





One of the great art treasures of the Middle Ages. Formerly in the Berlin Museum. Probably the finest of the 14th century madonnas from the Ile-de-France.

Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

East Side. West Side. Fifth Avenue. It begins at Washington Square, a potter's field out in the country in early times. To the west lay Greenwich Village, a suburban community with narrow, crooked streets. To the west to-day and a few blocks to the north still lies the "Village," misunderstood by strangers, maligned by ignorant critics, beloved by its inhabitants. No villager would ever willingly live in any other part of the city. His friends are on every street, the same cobbler has mended his shoes for years, the same mailman has delivered his rejection slips. And if he moves, it is probably only a few doors down the street or around the corner. Apartment houses have replaced many of the old houses on Fifth Avenue, but the side streets have changed little in outward appearance. At Christmas time they are ablaze with Christmas trees, and in the

spring gay window boxes adorn the balconies. Between the houses where no stranger may go are quiet gardens and flag-stone walks to lily ponds or graceful fountains. In Washington Mews, behind the old Wanamaker house on the corner, is the home of Grover Whalen of World Fair fame, but its front is on the garden in the rear and unless you can bribe a janitor in one of the houses on 8th Street to let you through, it will seem to you just another house on the Mews.

There is no better or more painless way to see Fifth Avenue than from the front seat on top of a bus, so let us take one marked Fifth Avenue and 110th Street in front of the Brevoort, famed for its food for generations and still boasting the most popular side-walk café in town. The Church of the Ascension on the left at 10th Street was the storm centre of a historic controversy. Now it is famous for its ever-open door and one of the finest murals in New York—"The Ascension" by La Farge. Beyond, on the corner of 12th Street, is the church where Harry Emerson Fosdick preached for years before Mr. Rockefeller built him a large one on Riverside Drive in the hope that it would accommodate the throng which goes to hear him every Sunday. If you look to the right on 14th Street you will see Union Square, the nearest we have in this city to Hyde Park. Here on a spring day half a dozen orators will hoist an American flag in different spots and then proceed to tear down the government, proclaim the way to salvation or teach the facts of life to a shifting throng of listeners. Between 14th and 23rd Street, Fifth Avenue is largely a wholesale district but at 23rd, across Madison Square Park, stands the Metropolitan Life Insurance building with its giant four-faced clock which sets the time for miles around. Here too is the Eternal Light, as inconspicuous a monument as was ever raised to an unknown soldier, resembling nothing so much as an ordinary flagpole. Just off the Avenue to the right on 29th Street is the Little Church Around the Corner, the actors' church and scene of more weddings probably than any other church in the city. Ahead on the left looms the Empire State Building. From there to 59th Street is the shopping centre of the city. You cannot miss it. Nor can you miss Rockefeller Centre. Nor St. Patrick's Cathedral, its lovely spires reflected in the windows of

the International Building opposite. Nor St. Thomas' at 53rd Street on the left, with its very handsomely carved stone reredos in which you can identify many familiar faces. It is on this part of Fifth Avenue that the Easter parade is most brilliant. Batteries of photographers take pictures of the most important socialite or the latest style in hats, crowds stand around to watch the crowds, men from the big radio stations broadcast the latest news from a top hat, New York's "finest" try to keep the streets clear and the traffic moving, and traffic moves just as slowly as possible in order not to miss anything. In recent years the Easter parade on Park Avenue from St. Bartholemew's north has equalled Fifth Avenue as a fashion forecast, but the centre of gravity so far as numbers is concerned is still on Fifth Avenue.

Beyond 59th Street the Park borders the Avenue on the left as far as 110th Street. At 66th street you will pass the Zoo where you breakfasted the day before. On the right many of the old mansions have been torn down to make way for apartment houses, but at 70th Street the Frick mansion has been converted into a museum. The Frick collection of paintings and *objets d'art* is one of the most important in the country, and the house itself is worth a visit if only to see where one wealthy American lived in the gay nineties. A short distance beyond is the Metropolitan Museum. The newly opened Armor Hall at last displays in an appropriate setting the Metropolitan's fine collection of armour dating from the fourth century. Another section which I find delightful is the Roman court and garden. It is also a good place to rest if trudging around a museum tires you, for there are stone benches beside the pool and the whole atmosphere is one of quiet. The terracotta Etruscan statue in the room beyond is the finest example extant of their genius. It stands eight feet high, weighs nearly half a ton and was fired in one piece. As a technical achievement, it is far superior to anything a modern potter would dare attempt, though it was executed about 500 B.C.

Farther up the Avenue is the Museum of the City of New York in an attractive Colonial building in which the history of New York is depicted with life-size models. The park itself is a continual source of

delight, but you should really stroll through it some day, or take a long morning off and a hansom cab and drive around it. If you stay on the bus, you will cross the top of the park at 110th Street until you reach the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It has been in the making since 1892 and is far from finished yet, but if you happen to be in New York when the Oratorio Society is giving "St. Matthew's Passion" in the nave, you will find it a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The performance begins at five-thirty in the afternoon when the church is aglow with the light from the setting sun shining through the great rose window on the west, and as if from the heavens the thin sweet voices of the boys' choir ring out above the more earthly voices of the chorus in the most heart-breakingly beautiful music Bach ever wrote.

I have mentioned neither theatres nor night clubs. You can find them all listed in the morning paper or if you want more information about them, in the current issue of "The New Yorker." I have tried to show you a bit of New York that is not in the guide books and some things that are, which a stranger might overlook. I can promise you the beauty of green things and the quiet of the stars in New York if you will look for them where I have told you. The excitement and the noise and the skyscrapers you can find for yourself.

Tapestry — French or Flemish, late XV century — "Hunt of the Unicorn — The Unicorn Is Brought to the Castle".

Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art.



EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Lloyd Roberts, who contributes "Land of Romance — Northern and North-western Ontario" is well-known to readers of the Journal. Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, he spent the early part of his life in the Maritimes. For the past thirty-five years Mr. Roberts has been most versatile in literary work with contributions of poetry, drama, essays, political articles as well as radio broadcasts. At the present time, Mr. Roberts is engaged in writing a novel. He is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

D. A. Nichols, graduate of Queen's and Columbia Universities, majoring in geology and physiography, spent several years at topographical mapping in many parts of Canada, especially Alberta and British Columbia. For the last four summers he has travelled to the Eastern Arctic gathering geographic and physiographical information. Mr. Nichols is a physiographer in the Dominion Bureau of Geology and Topography and specializes in the interpretation of land forms.

D'Arcy Marsh, author, journalist and radio commentator, was born in London, England, where he received his early education. He obtained his B. A. degree from the University of British Columbia in 1926. Associated with newspapers for ten years in various capacities, his work has taken him through Europe, the United States, Canada, Alaska and the Yukon. Mr. Marsh is a member of the Institute of International Affairs.

Mary Parker who wrote "Oases Among the Skyscrapers of New York" was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, of Canadian parents. She spent her childhood in New Brunswick and then in Maine. Graduating from Mount Holyoke College in 1916, she taught French and German for a few years and then was assigned as a translator in the preparation of data for the Peace Conference. Mrs. Parker has travelled extensively throughout the United States, Mexico and Europe as a free-lance journalist and has been the assistant editor of "Travel" since 1935.

TOMB TILE PICTURES OF ANCIENT CHINA

by

WILLIAM CHARLES WHITE

*Sometime Bishop of Honan
Associate Professor of Archaeology, University of Toronto*

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RECORD CANAL TRAFFIC

Ottawa, Canada.—Traffic through the Welland Ship Canal, which connects Lake Érie with Lake Ontario and overcomes the drop at Niagara Falls, established a new high record in November when the movement of freight totalled 1,651,241 tons compared with 1,229,350 tons in November a year ago. Shipments of corn, wheat, iron and steel, and soft coal all showed substantial increases over last year, especially wheat which was up by 278,184 tons, or 9,272,800 bushels. Heavy wheat shipments also boosted traffic through the St. Lawrence canals, which amounted to 1,064,788 tons in November compared with 989,456 tons in the corresponding month of 1937. November freight traffic through the Sault

Ste. Marie Canals (Canadian and United States Locks) amounted to 4,466,103 tons as against 3,938,979 tons in 1937.

Nature was good to Canada in supplying navigable rivers and lakes—the channels of the original fur trade—and great expenditures have been made in improving the water routes. The St. Lawrence River and inter-connecting channels form an unequalled system of inland water transportation extending two thousand miles into the interior of the continent. From Lake Superior to the Atlantic Ocean is a drop of about six hundred feet, and in overcoming this fall and other obstructions to navigation Canada has developed a system of canals and inland waterways which is among the most remarkable in the world.



It's Refreshing

AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

Tomb Tile Pictures of Ancient China by WILLIAM CHARLES WHITE (Toronto University Press, 1939, \$3.50) is published by the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology as the first of its Museum Studies, made possible by the generosity of the Carnegie Foundation. This is a very beautiful book, in every way worthy of the superb Chinese Collection, part of which it describes and illustrates. It is a great picture gallery of life as a Chinese artist viewed it twenty-two centuries ago. So remarkably artistic are these tomb tile pictures that the publishers warn the reader "these are not conceived by a modern artist, but are ink-squeezes of depictions actually carved on wooden stamps and imprinted on moistened clay and baked in a kiln, some time during the third century, B.C."

The reproductions are very striking, sparkling and vibrant with their magnificent horses, sinuous dragons, hunting dogs and leopards and tigers, birds of many kinds, nomadic archers on foot and on fiery steeds, scholars and soldiers, speeding deer and pursuing hunters, trees in bloom and birds on the wing. Sketch-maps show the areas where these tiles were found, in the province of Honan near the Chin TS'un area of old Lo-Yang. Scholarly chapters giving a chronological outline of Chinese cultural epochs and on the locality and tombs, dates of the tiles, inscriptions, stamps and designs, are followed by fascinating studies of the various types of pictures. One's pleasure in the illustrations is enhanced by the delightful descriptions, full as they are of the rich resources of the author, in historical and bibliographical research. Each of the 127 plates has a detailed title and description which often adds to its charm and quaintness. Plate 52, for instance, shows typical designs "geese in flight, hare on the run, a solitary crane, a stylized horse with blinkers and a Wu'tung tree in bloom." Throughout the book are many translations of Chinese poetry. These, we are told, have no bearing upon the scientific aspect of the study and are inserted simply to add a lighter touch through the medium of Chinese thought which parallels the subject matter of the text. How charming, then, to find above plate 59 of a spirited horse in naturalistic style these lines from Tu Fu, (A.D. 712-770):

"A Tatar horse from Derbend, all slimness,
muscle, bone,
By ears erect like bamboo shoots its fiery spirit
shown.
Hoofs swift as wind that spurn at space in
rapid light career
Fit to be trusted with your life in peril far or
near—
Ah, since a steed like this you own of such a
haughty strength
To burst across a thousand miles were but a
journey's length".

The author, Bishop White, has been intimately connected with China and Chinese studies for over forty years. For thirteen years he was a missionary in Furkien, South China; and for twenty-five years was Anglican Bishop of Honan, living at Kaifeng in the heart of ancient China. Since 1934 he has been Associate Professor of Archaeology (Chinese) of the University of Toronto, and Keeper of the Far Eastern Collection of the Royal Ontario Museum.

FLORENCE E. FORSEY.



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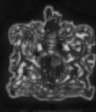
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The High Plains, by WILFRID EGGLESTON (Toronto: MacMillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., 1938, \$2.25). Wilfrid Eggleston is best known to the Canadian public as political correspondent and commentator, having for the past ten years been a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery. He writes for the *Toronto Star*, Reuters, the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers. His syndicated features, "The Ottawa Parade", "Parliament Hill Hears" and the "Ottawa Spotlight" have appeared in about fifty Canadian newspapers for several years. At present he is a member of the secretariat of the Royal Commission on Dominion Provincial Relations. "The High Plains" is Mr. Eggleston's first novel, dedicated to the pioneers who settled in "Palliser's Triangle", his parents among them. Of the homestead country where his childhood years were spent he writes with a vividness that grips the reader from the first chapter to the last. The story centres round a plucky English family who saw their great opportunity when a block of homesteads was thrown open in Southern Alberta. The whole epic is here, the glowing hopes, careful planning, heroic struggles, bountiful crops followed by the lean years of drought and disillusionment. We become intensely interested in the boys and girls growing up in the prairie home, especially in Eric, the younger son, whose exceptional gifts and eagerness for wider opportunities make him a source of pride and anxiety to his parents. They frown upon his friendship with a derelict Englishman, once an eminent geologist, in whose little hut he learns of "stars and stones and other things". Their friendship leads to an exciting series of mysterious happenings in which the mounted police play a creditable part, and the boy shows his mettle. The characterization throughout is admirably done, the family encountering all types and conditions of men in their adventures, especially when the prosperous years built up a boom town near their homestead. The staunch faith and wholesome philosophy of the father of the family runs like a golden thread throughout the book, which ends on a note of hope and fruition after many vicissitudes. Besides being eminently readable the book will give Easterners more real knowledge of the West than they could glean from acres of statistics.

Charcot of the Antarctic, by Marthe Oulié, (London: John Murray, 1938, 12/6 net) is a book that will be eagerly welcomed by admirers of this distinguished French explorer, whose tragic end two years ago stirred the world. Son of a famous father whose scientific work he shared for three years in the Pasteur Institute, Jean Charcot's ambition for achievement led to his organizing and leading two French Polar expeditions. His name has been linked with those of Scott, Shackleton and Amundsen, all of whom paid tribute to his character and attainments. During the war his services and his ship were placed at the disposal of the Admiralties of Britain and France. In peace time he was the first to go to the rescue of explorers in danger, such as Petersen and Amundsen. The exploits of his doughty little ship the "Pourquoi Pas?" read like an epic of the sea, and at the last master and ship met a heroic end on the rocky shores of Iceland. Charcot's god-daughter, Marthe Oulié, herself a distinguished traveller and author, has written a vivid account of adventure and a charming portrait of a great man. The twenty-nine illustrations and three maps add to the attractiveness of this delightful book.

F. E. FORSEY.